

HORIZON

**The magazine
of useful and
intelligent living**

2



WINTER

Articles by MANLY PALMER HALL Philosopher

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WINTER
1945



ISSUED
QUARTERLY
VOLUME 5 No. 3

HORIZON
LINES

AN EDITORIAL
By MANLY P. HALL

The Bird of Wisdom and the Bird of War

IN the year B. C. 323, a dynasty of Macedonian kings became rulers over the ancient land of Egypt. Ptolemy of Eordaea was one of the seven body-generals of Alexander the Great. After the death of Alexander, Ptolemy was appointed satrap of Egypt, and by sheer genius and a befitting ruthlessness he eventually attained the crown, establishing a family line which endured for nearly three centuries, and ended with the ill-starred Cleopatra.

The coinage of Egypt dates from the period of Ptolemy I Soter. The great coinage of the Ptolemies included staters and octadrachms of gold, tetradrachms of silver, and a variety of bronze money. The gold and silver coins usually carried on the obverse the head of Ptolemy I or Arsinoe II, while the bronze, many of them of large size, are adorned with a profile head of Zeus Ammon. The reverse on nearly all the coins is the heraldic device of the Ptolemies, an eagle standing on thunder bolts. The early mintage is excellent, and the coins were issued in foreign countries. Later the issuance of currency was carried on in Egypt with a marked decline in the merit of the production; the coins were

inferior in style, and the precious metals were debased.

We represent here two coins, one from the reign of Ptolemy Soter, the founder of the great dynasty, and the other issued about the time of Cleopatra. It is the reverse of the coins that holds especial interest. At first glance it would appear that the later tetradrachm is simply a clumsy copy of the earlier coin with necessary changes in the inscription. A more critical analysis, however, shows a surprising change in the bird of the Ptolemies. The earlier mintage bears slight resemblance to an eagle. The head is entirely different in shape, the neck is much longer, and the legs are not feathered. The so-called eagle is in reality a phoenix, the sacred bird of antiquity, the symbol of the divine right of kings, and the peculiar emblem of the state mysteries ruled over by the Secret Master of the Hidden House. It was this secret and venerable hierophant who was the Lord of Lords and King of Kings, Regent on earth of the Great Gods of the North, Bearer of the Ankh, the Key of immortality, and the Judge of the Quick and the Dead.

How did it happen that this mythical bird of wisdom was transformed into the very literal bird of war? The change was gradual. Each of the Ptolemies issued his coinage from the royal mint and each of the coins looked a little less like a phoenix and a little more like an eagle.



Tetradrachm of Ptolemy Soter

Hohenzollern and the Russian house of Romanoff. The double headed Russian and Teutonic eagles are certainly phoenix birds. In the symbolism of antiquity a double-headed eagle would have little meaning, but a phoenix so depicted would have profound esoteric significance.



Tetradrachm of Cleopatra

The Great Seal of the United States is another case in point. Notice the difference in the heads of the two birds, the first as originally designed and the second as it now appears. On the first seal the bird is practically identical with the phoenix on the coin of Ptolemy Soter, and in its present form it closely resembles the heraldic device of the last Ptolemy. What has happened to the bird that Dr. Benjamin Franklin, peering through his homemade bi-focals, pronounced an admirable and life-like depiction of a wild turkey?

We have every right to assume that the bird which originally appeared on the Great Seal of the United States was a phoenix inasmuch as several phoenix designs were submitted at that time. At least one of these sketches represented the bird upon its nest of flames, and the design included masonic columns. The freemasonic influence at work during the period of the establishment of the United States as an independent nation would explain the early use of such symbols as the phoenix, the all-seeing eye, and the great pyramid.

It would profit the thoughtful symbologists and heraldists to examine thoroughly the origin of such devices as the eagles of Caesar and Napoleon, and the crests of the German House of

In medieval alchemical manuscripts a curious androgynous human figure with two heads surmounted by a single crown represents the hermetic adept. In the texts this androgyne is referred to as the king-queen, the philosophical hermaphrodite. This word itself is derived from the names of two deities, Hermes and Aphrodite, divinities associated with fire and water.

The symbolism can be traced even further. There is an esoteric axiom, "All things are perfected by art and nature." Fire was the symbol of art, for by means of it Tubal Cain pounded the swords into ploughshares. Fire is the master of the metals. The word Hermes is from the root herm, which means fire. Fire is the sun principle, and in alchemy the sun is the golden king with his crown of rays. Aphrodite, born out of the sea, is a water symbol representing nature and nature's life, for all natural creatures originate in water and are nourished by what the Greeks called the humid principle. Water is associated with the moon, and the moon is the Silver Queen, the Mother of the generations. Sometimes she is represented with the lunar crescent beneath her feet, as in the case of the Virgin Mary—Mary, from mare, water—or like the

goddess Isis with the lunar horns or the white disc of the moon as a head-dress.

In the hermetic androgyne there is one body, male-female, surmounted by the golden crowned head of the king and the silver coroneted head of the queen. Thus is represented the final reconciliation of all elements in nature,

The priesthood, from most ancient times, has emphasized feminine garb. The priests of Memphis and Heliopolis wore the pleated linen skirts which constituted the basic garment of patrician women. The robes of the Egyptian priests have inspired most of the vestments of the Christian clergy, and like



PHOENIX OR EAGLE?

*Figure at left shows bird's head from Great Seal of the United States of 1782
Figure at right shows the change made in the Great Seal of 1902*

the ultimate union of fire and water. This symbol is the seal of the adept in whose consciousness the mystery of equilibrium has been perfected.

In the philosophical-political speculation of the Rosicrucians and the early Freemasons, the king represented the state and the power of the mind, and the queen represented the church and the power of the heart. Their combination in the person of the hermetic adept shadowed forth the mystery of the priest-king, the initiate ruler, the philosopher-king of Plato, the eternal priesthood of the Melchizedeks.

The Egyptian Pharaoh wore the double crown composed of the male and female symbols of the Empires of the North and South. In Egypt the royal descent was by the line of the mother, and it sometimes occurred that Pharaoh was a woman, or that a brother and sister shared the throne. The royal robes always included the male and female garments, and if a woman was ruler of the state she wore a false beard when appearing in complete formal regalia, or when seated on her throne in the house of the mysteries.

Pharaoh of old, the priest in his full habiliments combines a variety of male and female garments and adornments. The priest symbolizes the androgyne.

In Syria the Nazarenes and Essenes permitted both the hair and the beard to grow, thus again hinting at the androgynous symbolism. The Gebers of Hebron, and later the Gnostics, made constant use of the male-female symbolism. The High Priest of the old Jewish rites came forth between the pillars of the porch adorned in the garments of glory. Again the basic garment was the white female dress over which was worn the shorter male garment fringed with bells, and beautifully embroidered.

The Sod (the assemblage of the initiates—the Esoteric School) was represented before the world in the person of the Hierophant or the Master of the Rites. He was the personification of the secret tradition of God and Nature—Father and Mother, State and Church, Wisdom and Work. The Esoteric School itself, therefore, was the ultimate reality behind the shadowy symbolism of the Hermetic Androgyne. The School was the father-mother of the Adepts, and from the womb of the mysteries was born the Philosopher-King.

In the sacred fables the phoenix was the only bird which renewed itself from within itself forever. When the time came for the phoenix to die, its body broke open and the new phoenix issued forth. It was therefore its own father and its own mother, symbolical of the eternal priesthood. The double-headed phoenix is therefore the crest of the King of the World, the Sovereign Body of the Wise that rules forever by divine right. The grandeur of the symbolism lies in the fact that the device reveals not only the splendor of the philosophic elect, but is in itself a formula, the way and the means by which the end is to be accomplished in both the individual and nature. The Hermetic Phoenix carries the symbols of the Law and the Prophets, severity and mercy, strength and beauty, eternity and time. These opposites must be united in one body, crowned with one crown, given wings and perfected in all powers and attributes.

In the astro-philosophical mythology of the Chaldeans, the sign of Scorpio is the most mysterious of the zodiacal configurations. It is the only sign of the zodiac to which four completely different figures have been assigned. In astrological symbolism Scorpio can be represented by a scorpion, a serpent, an eagle, and a phoenix. The sign represents life because it has been given control over the generative processes, and by what appears to be a complete contradiction, it is the natural ruler of the house of death. It is a water sign and the nocturnal throne of Mars the planet of fire. It requires only a little research to bring forth the realization that beneath the symbolism of Scorpio is concealed the whole mystery of the Hermetic art. It is the sign of initiation and the Initiate—of death and life in one, crowned by deathless life.

An interesting example of the death-life reversal in symbolism is found in the Egyptian Book of the Dead which will be treated in greater detail in another article. It is sufficient to our present purpose to point out that the Egyptians themselves never applied such a name to the manuscript. The correct

title of the work which modern materialistic Egyptologists have nicknamed *The Book Of The Dead* is "The Book of the Opening of the Mouth and of the Coming Forth By Day."

The term "The Opening of the Mouth" has several meanings, the simplest of which are to utter praise, to speak forth, or to reveal that which has previously been concealed. The concealment is represented by the god Harpocrates with his finger upon his lip. He was the guardian of words to be spoken only to those who were worthy. He is the guardian of the Esoteric Doctrine.

"To come forth by day" is a beautiful statement of the sublime purpose of thoughtful and intelligent living. To depart from this life in ignorance is to go out into the darkness of the unknown, but there is no darkness for one who has the light within himself; for the wise man, there is no night, and when his time comes for the great transition to the other life he goes forth in the light of day walking with the gods.

Scorpio therefore, is the house of those who wander in darkness and also the house of those who go "forth by day", each according to his own nature. The funerary rites are always patterned after the initiation rituals, for both attend the separation of consciousness from its body. Death is separation from a body: initiation is separation from the body principle. The unregenerate human being leaves the body behind at death but takes the bodily limitations with him to the other world. It is the initiate alone who can free himself from the entanglements of the bodily illusion. Initiation is freedom from body during physical life. The Egyptians represented life as day-time and death as night, so the initiate comes "forth by day", that is, he leaves the body without death. Thus we gain another insight into the meaning of the old ritual.

Scorpio represents the principle of form in the sphere of generation. Generation and re-generation are manifestations of a single principle. Generation takes place on four planes represented by the symbolical creatures assigned to

the Scorpio quality in the following ascending order: the serpent, earth, the physical principle: the scorpion, water, the humid or vital principle (ether): the eagle, air the intellectual principle: the phoenix, fire, the spiritual principle (consciousness). Let us examine these symbols in greater detail. The serpent is a universal emblem of the earth power because its abode is subterranean. There is a legend that the serpent once

human children need rain for the preservation of life.

In the initiation rituals the earth which is the mother of the material generation, becomes the symbol of the Esoteric School which is the mother of regeneration or the generation of spiritual things. As the serpent is the messenger of the earth mother, so the winged feathered serpents are by analogy the world saviors, the messengers between man-



THE GREAT SEAL OF THE UNITED STATES

had feet, and even wings (a dragon) but lost them as punishment for having tempted Eve. This is a simple story of the so-called "Fall." The earth itself, while in the Paradisical state was a sphere of volatile magnetic substances (the coiled serpent is the nebula) but in the processes of universal generation it crystallized into its present inert form with the magnetic fields locked within its shell.

Among the Indians of the Southwest the serpent is the messenger of the Earth-Mother and it is forbidden to injure this reptile. After the snake dance the serpents are released to the four corners of the world so that they can go back beneath the ground and carry to the great Mother the message that her

kind and the Secret Dark Mother that dwells in the House of the Mysteries. The Multa Mammae, the Mother of Mysteries, the Black Diana, great goddess of the Ephesians received the homage of her serpent priests, and the Egyptian priests wore the serpent upon their foreheads because they were the servants and messengers of the old god of the North and his Regent upon earth, the Secret Lord of white walled Memphis.

Thus there is the old serpent, the earth and the world which is the eternal tempter, and there is that other serpent raised by Moses in the wilderness, the serpent of wisdom, the messenger. For the earth itself and all that it contains is both the stumbling block under the spirit and the Book of Life.

The scorpion is the formative principle on the plane of vitality. It is energy, creative and destructive. But in the Scorpio symbolism it represents the back-biter, the betrayer, for the scorpion stings with its tail bestowing what is called in India "the kiss of death," and what the Scriptures call "the kiss of Judas." In the east Indian Tantric philosophy the centers of spiritual energy along the spine are called chakras, a word meaning wheels. The chakra at the lower end of the spine, the Muladhara, a lotus of four petals, by corresponding with the sacro-coccygeal is the center of the lower animal passion and appetites. It is the "basket" in which the serpent Kundalini lies coiled and from which it is aroused by spiritual discipline. Symbolically the scorpion's tail with its sting represents this structure.

On the plane of vitality or energy the formative power of Scorpio creates the etheric archetypes into which the physical structure is molded to create bodies. In the Egyptian mysteries the disciple entering the temple passed into a subterranean chamber called the Necropolis, or city of the dead. It was here that an order of priests and their assistants supervised the rites of the dead, prepared bodies for burial, and bound the Ka, the etheric double of the deceased person to his mummy by magical formulas.

Most of those who worked in the Necropolis were candidates for initiation who had failed to pass their test but possessed too much knowledge of the esoteric tradition to be permitted to return to the outside world.

The mystery of the Ka is the story of the unconscious or subconscious self of modern psychology. The Necropolis is the sphere of the subconscious mind where action is bound to the patterns set up by fixations, complexes and phobias. Plato said "The living are ruled by the dead." He did not mean ruled by ghosts but by a strange kind of death within the self. It is this death within and not the death of the body that is the last great enemy that must be overcome. The principle of forms not only makes bodies possible but is forever im-

pressing these bodies with limitations. This very crystallizing pressure continues until the form impulse finally destroys its own progeny. Every form ultimately becomes a grave. The creatures inhabiting the Necropolis, binding living spirits to their dead bodies, are the elementary forces of nature, the betrayers bestowing death in the name of life, declaring slavery to be freedom. They are the source of that mysterious contradiction which has plagued all human efforts since the beginning of time.

The third symbol of the form principle is scorpio as the eagle. While this symbolism is not widely known, it can be pointed out that it appears in the mystery of the Apocalypse where the four fixed signs of the zodiac are represented by a lion, a bull, a man and an eagle. In assigning the four evangelists to these four symbolic creatures, the eagle, Scorpio is assigned to St. John. The eagle is the intellectual principle of form represented by the power of the world. The extremely keen perceptive powers of the eagle have been associated with symbolism from the earliest periods of that ancient science. It is a courageous and war-like bird representing conquest and the will to power. In Greek mythology the eagle was associated with the god Zeus, and this association was transferred to the Roman Jupiter. In the symbolism the eagle in turn was associated with a thunderbolt, created in the forge of Vulcan and hurled by Zeus upon the victims of his wrath.

Zeus is the symbol of the laws governing mundane creation. He is the immutable basis of the patterns which, existing in the intellectual world, mark the boundaries and limits of all elementary motion and combination. In the orders of divinities Zeus is referred to as an intellectual god, or a deity of the intellectual order. The human ego is individualized in the intellectual sphere, therefore by nature it is an intellectual entity and the eagle is its appropriate symbol. The ego is the king of the personality, the supreme tyrant in the tyranny of matter.

We can refer again to the Egyptian ritual. The soul of the deceased, standing before the god Osiris, cries thus with the lips of its heart, "Protect me, great god, and preserve me from the king who ruleth for a day." The king who ruleth for a day is the personality complex or ego, and the day is one incarnation in a life cycle. The soul therefore, begs to be delivered from the tyranny of the personality, from the false self whom Jesus calls The Prince of this World. The personality creates the life pattern, and the life pattern in turn destroys both its creator and its creature, the body.

Symbols arise in the sub-conscious, and there is a curious integrity about them. It is not difficult to understand how the eagle came to symbolize the bird of power. Human beings, accepting the shadow for the substance, have given themselves over to ambition and the false belief that physical domination of others is an indication of personal superiority. Strong men have gone forth under the banner of the eagle to enslave the world. These tyrants, autocrats and despots have been motivated by the pressure of self-will, the martial urge has forced them to their various destinies. Even Hitler chose the eagle as the symbol of the Grossdeutschesreich, the Great German Overstate of the Teutonic Volk.

But the tyranny of the eagle is not limited to the greater sphere of international politics, it lies at the root of the whole competitive way of life. "The world belongs to the strong," is the motto of the conquerors who conquer others but never themselves. It is interesting to realize that the world conqueror fails the moment it is necessary for him to administer by civil law the areas he has subjugated. He can take with force, but he cannot rule with wisdom.

When the world conqueror divides among his generals the lands he has subjugated and sets up his autocracies in their midst, he is playing the game of the gods. Zeus called together the twelve Olympian deities and distributed the world among them. He set up

their boundary, allotted their zones, and bound them as vassals to himself. He codified the laws decreeing obedience or death, and hurled the thunderbolts of his displeasure at any mortal or immortal who dared to oppose his will. Here is the tyranny of form. All who enter into the state of form, taking upon themselves bodies, mental, emotional or physical, must give allegiance to the Lord of Form and his minions.

Death is the supreme ruler in the world of forms. Forms are compound, and all compounds must be dissolved. Here we see the sign of Scorpio emerging in its death symbolism and we can understand better that morbid medieval pageantry of the Dance of Death. Man-alias said "The cradle rocks forever in the open grave." In the physical world immortality is the dream and death the reality.

The fourth and highest of the Scorpio symbols is the fabulous phoenix, the king of the birds, the peculiar emblem of regeneration. The body of the immortal bird was covered with glossy purple feathers. The plumage of its tail was alternately blue and red, and about its neck was a circlet of golden down.

The home of the phoenix was the desert of Arabia where it built its nest of frankincense and myrrh. There was only one phoenix alive at a time and the length of his life was five hundred years. The historian Pliny writes that during the reign of the Emperor Claudius the phoenix was captured, brought to Rome, and exhibited in the Forum. The probabilities are that some unknown tropical bird was mistaken for the phoenix on this occasion.

The Chinese have an elaborate mythology about the phoenix which they call the Fung Hwang. The Chinese usually represent the phoenix birds in pairs, one male and the other female. The male bird is called Fung, and the female Hwang. The Fung Hwang (used when referring to either or both birds) has the head of a rooster, the neck of a snake, the beak of a swallow, the back of a tortoise, is of five different colors, and stands about six feet high. From the *Lun Uyu Tseh Shwai Shing*

the phoenix has six resemblances and nine qualities. The resemblances are: the head is like heaven, the eye like the sun, the back like the moon, the wings like the wind, the foot like the ground and the tail like the woof of a loom. The nine qualities are: the mouth contains commands, the heart is comfortable to regulations, the ear is subtle in hearing, the tongue utters sincerity, the color is luminous, the comb resembles uprightness, the spur is sharp and

birds appear only at the time of the birth of a great scholar or philosopher, the advent of an important dynasty, or some such extraordinary occasion.

The thunder-bird of the American Indian is beyond question a phoenix. In the legends of the wandering tribes the thunder-bird inhabits the highest parts of the air in a world beyond the clouds. Its wings are of metal, and their flapping causes thunder. The flashing of its eyes is the lightning, and



THE PHOENIX ON ITS NEST OF FLAMES

From an old engraving

curved, the voice is sonorous, and the belly is the treasure of literature. The Fung has a great fondness for music, and rejoices in the playing of the flute and the sounding of jade bells. The five colors of the bird are red, blue, white, black and yellow; these are the colors of the five celestial emperors, and the colors of the planets in Chinese astromancy. The home of the Fung is over beyond the great Desert of Gobi, and during the Han Dynasty, B. C. 206- A. D. 23 these birds were seen frequently. The phoenix appears frequently in Chinese art, and is a symbol of good fortune. It is among the peculiar emblems of the royal house. The Fung reappears in Japan under the name of Ho, and there it is believed that the

it shakes the rain from its plumage. It is the totem of the priesthood, and lives forever. When an Indian boy performs his vigil to earn his right of manhood and membership in his tribe, his totem appears to him in the form of a vision. If, during the vigil, the thunder-bird appears, it signifies that the boy is to become a medicine man.

The Egyptian phoenix is usually represented in human form with bird wings and the peculiar tuft at the back of the head which is usually associated with the strange creature. There was an altar of the phoenix at Heliopolis, the City of the Sun, and the Egyptians generally regarded the bird as a solar emblem.

Above the orders of intellectual divinities, of which Zeus was the chief, were the intelligible gods, the father fountains of the life of the world. The term intellectual implies knowledge rising from experience or culture, that is, acquired. The word intelligible infers wisdom that is intrinsic, coming from within, or superior to experience. The intelligible divinities, therefore, were the sources of the intellect, but were superior to all intellectual activity.

We can use the contrast of consciousness and thought. The conscious principle is superior to the mental principle to the degree that knowing is superior to believing. In the Scorpio division we are dealing with the form principle, so the phoenix represents form on the plane of consciousness—the patterns of all things resting in the state of the divine Noah. These patterns are the spiritual foundations of the world. They constitute truth, and the experiencing of them as a mystery within consciousness is the discovery of truth.

The divine patterns are what Freemasons call the "trestle boards", the plans for the work of the day. These plans are kept within the holy place where the master builders may consult them in the work of building Solomon's Everlasting House.

The Master Builders are the Adepts of the secret schools who alone have access to the trestle boards of the Great Architect of the Universe. The great work is to build according to the law, and the secret schools are the instruments of the Universal Consciousness in its aspect of The Builder. This Consciousness and its Adepts are appropriately represented under the symbol of the phoenix, the bird of consciousness.

As we look about us in our modern world we can realize the conflict between principles and personalities, between universals and particulars, between ideals and so-called realities. The human being is by nature intellectual, he is a thinker and not a knower. It is only by the adventure of seeking con-

sciousness within the self that mortal man can discover the immortality locked within him. Spiritual truths are beyond general comprehension, so we rationalize them, transform them into intellectual premises, and finally reduce them to terms of utility.

Under the pressure of environment and tradition, and hearkening to the Lorelei song for higher education, we compromise our ideals for profit, thus undermining every institution we seek to build.

Thus it comes about that we tamper with the symbolism of the phoenix. We say to ourselves, "Obviously, the bird never existed. It is an impossible creature, fit only for legend and fairy tales. Probably it was some other kind of bird all the time. Perhaps the ancient artist was at fault. Obviously he intended this to represent an eagle, so we will correct it for him. We will shorten the neck, hook the beak, spread the claws, shorten and feather the legs, and when we get through, we have a respectable eagle. Here is a bird we can all understand."

We have done precisely the same with our concept of consciousness. The materialist asks, "Does consciousness exist? Probably not; it was just a superstition of the past. What the ancients really meant was intellect, so we will correct the error. We will lower our ideals, shorten our perspective, until this abstract term comes to resemble something that we know. We will take this symbol of a spiritual intangible and transform it into a figure that is strong and cunning and cruel.... Now it has a familiar look, and undoubtedly this is what the benighted ancient really meant, he merely lacked the wit to express himself correctly."

Having smugly eliminated the spiritual equation from our living and substituted personal ambition for a universal dream, we can understand how the bird of wisdom has been reformed to become the bird of war.

- *To the degree that we can give unselfishly and intelligently, to that degree we are proving the evolution of our own divine nature*



What Christmas Means

TO REFLECTIVE THINKERS

THERE is no myth nor legend that has become more set in our minds and hearts than the story of Santa Claus. There is something about this story that intrigues young and old. We are never too old to be touched by this quaint and beautiful fable. Today, unfortunately, we have commercialized the idea so completely that a large part of its charm has gone and we look forward with some apprehension to the coming of the Christmas season. And still, in spite of sore feet and last minute excitement and nervousness, we would not like to give up this belief in the spirit of giving and sharing.

Now, where did this idea come from originally? It came out of the human being. It is part of our own natures. Everything we have created in the outside world is part of ourselves. There is no institution, no tradition, no art nor science, no philosophy nor invention, that did not originate within us as an impulse of basic character. The reason why we enjoy this spirit of Christmas cheer is because it is part of our own internal nature. There is something within us that has demanded this release, and as a result of that fact the festival is by no means limited to Christendom. Its date may vary with different people, and the philosophy underlying it, the explanation for it, differs

with different generations of various races, but there is no people in the world that has not the equivalent of what we term Christmas. We have related it to the story of our own Christian faith. Other people have done the same thing with their story, but always somewhere in the philosophy, religion or idealism of civilized nations, (and also of primitive people) is this belief in the dignity and importance of secret giving; this belief that in some way we share in a larger consciousness with the expression of a basic emotion of our own.

If we go back to the pre-economic years of our own civilization we realize that Christmas was something the European peasant looked forward to throughout the whole period of the year. In olden times nearly all gifts were made by those who gave them. The carpenter worked in his shop at odd moments to make toys, to create various things, for his friends. The shoemaker would slyly make an extra pair of shoes as a gift, and hide them until the Christmas season. It was in those times that Christmas meant the most, because it represented a benevolent conspiracy carried on throughout the year. The observant individual listened carefully to the wishes of his friends and learned one wanted a small box to keep something in, so he went to work to make

that box, and if he could not find an excuse to give him the box, he saved it and gave it to him on Christmas at which time no explanation was necessary as to why he made the gift. It was just something he had held close in his own heart, planned for and enjoyed most before the actual gift itself was presented. Now this is psychological. You will find it among the most primitive people. Among the Eskimos, among our own North American Indians, in China, in Egypt, in Greece, almost everywhere this spirit of giving has been cultivated and developed. People realized in the last analysis they had more pleasure from the giving than from what they received. To admit this truism in these days would be regarded as gullible, for people are ashamed of their own feelings. But Christmas is an opportunity to do many of these things and one has the privilege at this season of the year to express convictions that are held all the time without an appropriate reason for expression except during this yuletide period.

Now what is the basis of this, why is the human being most happy when he is giving or sharing? The psychologist, who is a very literal minded person and inclined to be a bit pessimistic, has the idea that the real secret behind our philanthropy is our egotism; we like to give but most of us find it difficult to receive. The dignity of being able to receive is as great as being able to give, but is more difficult. We like to do things in a grand manner, and probably the psychologist is correct when he says that generosity is a phase of selfishness, one of its most subtle phases. But that is only part of it, it is much deeper than that. As we explore into human nature more and more, we get behind psychology and all its fixations and frustrations and find there is some thing particularly beautiful and calm behind all the personality equation that makes up temperament and disposition. Underneath all these things is the real human being himself, the real human being who knows the laws of life better, probably, than he can ever be taught

intellectually in his outward personality. In some way, we know as Diogenes knew in Greece, that the difference between men and gods is in one particular, and that is that men are always on the receiving end of universal benevolence, while deities are always on the giving end. Diogenes said, the gods have proven their own divinity because they require and ask for nothing and have given all, while man proves his humanity because he gives very little and needs all. This difference between spirit and matter is a basic difference; spirit is forever giving and matter is forever receiving. It is the difference between a positive and negative polarity. The proof of life, the proof of vitality, the proof of internal energy, is animation. Whereas, the proof of absence of life is receptivity. Where life itself is insufficient the forms must accept life from elsewhere. Where the forms themselves have life intrinsic to their own character they are forever bestowing and giving. The sun, which is the universal benefactor of our world, sustains all things by the emanation of itself. The planets, less in power than the sun, are eternally receiving the benefaction of the sun. Thus, that which is innately superior proves its superiority by what it gives, from the fact that it is the source of the sustaining power of the other thing. We know, finally, in nature the perfect giver is Spirit itself, Life. Life gives all and takes nothing, because there is nothing it can receive. It is constantly supporting and sustaining, but it is not sustained, because it has its own eternity within itself. Wisdom in the world of intellect is forever giving and by the very virtue of giving is strengthened. We have learned from every study of nature that there is truth in the old epitaph of the conqueror, "That which I kept I lost, that which I gave I held." In nature the symbol of superiority is unselfish giving. The symbol of greatness is intelligent giving, and the difference between the untutored generosity of mortals and the wise generosity of the gods lies in the direction of giving. Buddha was once asked the question of how we should

determine the merit of generosity; how we should determine that which is the greater virtue? What is the virtue of feeding the hungry man and how shall we determine the merit of the thing we do? Buddha replied that all generosity is meritorious but that the measure of generosity is based upon the power of intelligence, the power of the wisdom with which the thing is done. Generosity is an impulse which is selfish if it is not directed by intelligence. The mere pleasure of giving is not the greater good, the greater good is the result of intelligent giving. Intelligent giving is extremely difficult, it is one of the greatest tests of basic wisdom that the human being can ever face. Nothing in the world is more difficult than to give something without unfortunate consequences.

When Buddha was asked this question he said merit depends entirely upon perspective in the matter of giving; that the very generosity of man must be philosophized, must be rationalized, must be perfected like all other virtues, in understanding and wisdom to fulfill itself. So the disciples asked Buddha the question and he said, "Yes, to feed the hungry man is merit but to feed the hungry man who, after he is fed, will feed two other men is greater merit, because then you have carried your action on, you have discriminated. To feed a hungry man is good, but to feed the hungry man who in turn will pass on that good to another extends the life of the merit." So Buddha went on to say, "To feed the man who, by being fed will plow the field and feed his family, is greater merit. Therefore, feeding a lazy man is not so meritorious; it is good, but on a much lower level, the merit increases with the discrimination." Then he referred to the holy order of his philosophers. He said, "To feed the man who will feed the multitude is of still greater value; but to feed the man who will solve problems is of still greater merit." And after all, in all the things we do the greater good is the result of selectivity in the use of what we have. The use of the thing we have is the proof of our own wis-

dom. The individual who performs the good act has the opportunity to observe the consequences of his own motive, and he comes to some rather interesting conclusions in the course of time.

One of the most common problems of generosity is disillusionment. We do all we can for somebody and when they in turn do something unkind to us we lose faith in God, man and the universe. We should not do this, we should approach the matter very philosophically. We should realize two things. In the first place, we are responsible for the discrimination in the choice of those we serve; therefore, if we serve an individual and fail to realize in the end he will be ungrateful, it is our own failing. We have failed to recognize values, we have been generous to the wrong person. The merit remains but not as great, and the reward is not as happy for ourselves. Each of us comes into this world of opportunity, in some cases very limited and in others very great, and this opportunity must be used or abused to constitute life. If we use it wisely this opportunity serves others and results in what the Buddha called merit. In other words, we have built permanent values. The misuse of what we have, great or small, results in lack of merit, or a failure. The supreme failure in life is misuse, and the failure is more complete if its misuse is intentional. The greatest success in life is use for the greater good.

Now by giving we come face to face with a great many forces in human nature. We realize the necessity of letting go our gift. We realize it is necessary to release our own good deed and not expect to draw interest on it for the rest of our life. So often we impoverish the recipient of our gift by presenting him with ourselves along with the gift. That is a serious mistake. It is absolutely necessary in intelligent giving that our gift be without strings, that we do not expect something in return. The ones who are disappointed are usually those who expect something. There is a sort of ulterior motive hidden away in the gift somewhere. We must detach ourselves from the things we do. Hav-

ing done them we must not regard ourselves as privileged characters from that time on with the special right to meddle in the affairs of those we serve. That is one of the causes of disillusionment. So after all, our spirit of giving is tied up in our own divinity. The God in us is growing up in experience, and giving is a Godlike deed. We are sort of experimenting with our own divine power. After all, the Gods hand out innumerable virtues and powers throughout nature. The Gods are eternally benevolent, eternally giving of themselves to all things, but they do it in a very astute manner, in a way that never encourages laziness or dependence, never overdoing the gift and never failing at the critical moment.

We are trying to be God. We know that somewhere within us is a divine power striving for expression, and the expression of this power is our godhood coming of age. We realize to the degree we can give, to that degree we are proving the evolution of our own divine nature. So whenever we are doing something for someone else we are playing God. We are experimenting with Deity. We are, in a mysterious way, setting apart and selecting someone or something for the object of our charity or generosity, or for the object of our affection and regard. We are going to influence and change the life of that person by something we do. We are playing God. We are answering their prayers, because, after all, all prayers are answered by the gods through men. We are going to change his life, going to make it possible for him to have opportunity or privilege that he might not otherwise have had. We are taking on a tremendous responsibility with this, a responsibility that takes every ounce of intelligence that we possess. Suppose we are doing it for the wrong person.

Not long ago I talked with a man who had made philanthropy his profession and he said that in his lifetime he had helped twenty young people through college. At the same time there was one young man he did not help. The twenty he had felt sorry for at various times, he paid their bills and started them in

life. He did not like the looks of the other chap, he was not as prepossessing in personality as the others. The interesting thing is that the twenty he helped through were all failures and the one he did not help was the only successful one in the lot. That is the usual experience of philanthropy. That shows how discriminating we have to be when we play God, because this generous man with the finest intentions ruined the lives of twenty people. That is why giving is a fine art. That is why it is playing God and why it is the one thing in the world in which superficial sentimentality must not be involved. The problem of experimenting with our ideals is very informative and very costly, and most costly to those we would help the most.

A great philosopher in ancient Greece was once asked what a man could give to another. "He cannot give him wisdom, cannot give him truth, cannot give him happiness, justice or security; there is only one thing he can give him and that is the chance to find all things for himself." That is very largely true. No matter what we do for others we cannot make them happy, we cannot protect them from themselves, from any ignorance that has undermined their own foundation. The only thing we can do is to give them an opportunity to do something for themselves. If they do not take advantage of that opportunity, if they do not continue it afterward, that automatically proves we have made an unfortunate selection, and we are karmically responsible in nature for permitting ourselves to continue the injury by helping.

So generosity, instead of being a delightful, superficial thing that can be tossed about at the pleasure of the giver, is one of the deepest responsibilities of life, something that is the greatest proof of our philosophy. It proves how much we know, how much we have learned and how clearly we can discriminate. It is important for us to realize that as we play at this divine game of giving there must be within us a considerable content of divinity to make it safe, secure and reasonable. So like all our im-

pulses, our generosity must be subjected to discipline. It must be trained not to be harmful to those whom we desire to help. It must be deepened and broadened by understanding. To give intelligently, to select the exact amount that is required to help forward the spiritual life and supply the physical necessities of others, this is one of our privileges and one of the great problems of the world.

Now generosity is of two kinds, to share what we *are* or what we *have*. In recent years generosity is largely interpreted as sharing what we have. The economic world in which we live is the cause of this. Our external way of life has had a great deal to do with our internal impulses. As one of our great philosophers said years ago, "The solution to our social problem is not generosity, generosity is merely a temporary balm of Gilead, something to heal a sore spot but not in anyway correcting the cause of the bruise." So long as the survival of humanity depends upon the generosity of the few the social structure is wrong. There should be no requirement in a well structured society for the word we now use, charity. Charity is an indictment of society. That it should be necessary for youth to shackle itself for an education, and old age to shackle itself for survival is an indictment of our entire social system. The system is wrong. The dignity of human life begins with the securing of human necessity for all. We will never have the right kind of world until human beings can function as the noble creation humanity really is, until we have made the security of our living a part of our philosophy of life. There is no reason why we should depend upon philanthropy for our public institutions; there is no reason why we should depend upon private charity to patch up the destructive, negative consciousness of a perverted civilization. These are basic facts and we find ourselves in a dilemma to begin with. Under existing conditions it has to be this way, but it has changed the spirit of giving from what it should be, by virtue of economic necessity, and has thrown a tremendous

strain upon the discriminating power of the individual. Probably this strain is good and necessary. It is helping people to learn to use what they have but it is not the answer to the social problem. Unfortunately, it is the giver and not the recipient who is always enriched by the gift. That is part of the natural law of life.

Why should we have this tremendous internal desire to share what we have or what we know? It is unquestionably part of the fact that the consciousness of the individual only flows in one direction, basically. If you have ever seen one of these highly volatile chemical substances that constantly emanates minute particles of life, you realize that all these particles of life are continually pouring from themselves streams of energy just like the sun. Tremendous waves of force move from every center of life, but there is no great force moving back from matter to life, the flow is always in one direction; the flow is from the self outward because the self is the center.

Everything we do is toward the outside and what we commonly term the flowing back to the center is merely a restarting at the center, not a motion back to it. The center of life is forever giving off its natural qualities, force and power; and it is inevitable that as we grow more highly evolved in life we become more and more conscious of the pressure from within, the pressure which is impelling us to give of ourselves, of our energy and life, and also to a certain degree is impelling us to cast off every impediment, every weight, every burden that makes up life.

In the old days when certain metaphysical schools were very prominent, there was a term that was in use. In certain organizations the followers believed they belonged to the spiritual aristocracy of the world and they liked to call themselves Old Souls. Whereas, those who did not belong to that particular group came under the heading of Young Souls. Well, if there be an old soul in nature, or a young one, certainly we can say the more advanced the consciousness becomes the less possessive it

becomes, the less it wants for itself and the more it wants to give. The individual who becomes gradually more and more wise realizes, as Aristotle said "More than enough is a burden and the individual who has more than he needs is a servant to what he has." As we go on further what we have becomes less and less significant and what we are becomes more and more significant. There is a common tendency for humanity to throw off ballast. When the first hot air balloon was being developed in order to keep it in the air it was necessary to throw away bags of sand, and almost immediately the casualty list increased among those who were underneath. A number of people were killed by the sand bags thrown out of the balloon. That is one of the problems in the ascent of the human soul. We cast off ballast and sometimes kill the individual upon whom we have dropped the ballast. Finally the problem in connection with the balloon was solved by making the sandbag with a draw string, and instead of throwing the bag they threw the sand in small amounts, not enough at one time to kill a person. That is more or less the problem of the breaking up of the possessive life of the individual; if it is done gradually it is less likely to produce damage. It is the problem of consciousness gradually moving away from possessions toward distribution of things possessed. It realizes it must lighten its own weight in order to travel far—to travel far we must travel light. Man traveling through space has little he can take with him but himself, things become a burden as he travels more rapidly.

So we have another factor involved when consciousness drops off things no longer used, no longer necessary and desired. As consciousness increases, values become more and more internal, the individual lives more in the joy of emanation and less in the possession of anything. As civilization evolves it is gradually outgrowing the sense of possession. Ultimately our world will be free of the false values of today. They have to be outgrown because we can never escape from them while we really

believe in them. That is why the world has to change.

Now in our Western world we have prided ourselves for the last hundred years on our intensely practical way of life, we have become practical to the extent of boredom. We have departed from romanticism, which is something that we have regarded as belonging to the medieval ages, to benighted times. We have decided that a romantic type of philosophy of life is a sign of adolescence. As a result we have become what we have termed very practical, but in reality we are very childish. But we have not outgrown romance, nor romantic philosophy, we have simply tried to smother it as a symbol of maturity. We have tried to follow fashions rather than the impulses of our own life. Yet the individual remains unbelievably and inevitably the romanticist, he will never be happy in any other way. The Eternal gave man three great vehicles of manifestation, his mind, his heart and his hand. With his mind he does things necessary for his survival; with his heart and emotions he feels very deeply the values of life; and with his hand he can construct the physical form of empire. But it is quite impossible to believe we can ever become intelligent human beings by the development of the mind and the complete obscuration of the heart. If it had been intended that way we would not have been given this intense, sensitive emotional reflex so close to the liver. We are not intended to perfect ourselves in a mental way of life, and that is what is getting us into difficulty at the moment. We have ennobled the intellect, elevating it to the highest place in the world of affairs. We stand in great awe of and talk in hushed tones of great physicists, biologists, chemists and mathematicians, we feel these great intellectual leaders are the salt of the earth. But the salt has lost most of its savor. It is not possible for us to perfect anything in life with the intellect alone, no matter how much we culture this intellect. We will find in the end there is nothing more sterile than intellectualism. Even though it be exact and precise it is not enough;

if it were, the other part of our nature would not have been put there. In our practical way of life we have deified our intellect and made a stepchild of our human heart and all it stands for. The individual who feels intensely, who has a natural, mystical apperception of things is called a dreamer. His products are important in some respects, but are not regarded as solutional. We are depending upon our intellect for everything that is vital and upon our emotional content merely for secondary things, amusement, pleasure, a certain amount of esthetic satisfaction and things of that nature, but our emotions are our luxuries and our thoughts are our necessities. We have it all figured out. We are perfectly convinced that we are going to capture the universe by a scheme, a plot, a plan, or a conference. This entire viewpoint is unfortunate, basically. There are values in life, important values, which are just as vital to our survival as anything we can think about, which can never be touched by the power of thought, but only by the discipline and perfection of our own emotional content. Just as the mind can be trained to the most precise calculation, so the emotions in their own world and through the discipline of their own kind can be refined, organized and integrated into a great instrument of soul power and soul discovery.

There are two worlds, one of the mind and the other of the emotions. We cannot conquer the emotional sphere by mental laws; nor can we conquer the mental sphere by emotional laws. We are today beginning to examine the mental world more carefully not only by philosophy and science, but by psychology. Just as surely as there are sciences that have to do with the potentials of thought, so surely there are arts that have to do with the potentials of emotions. These things, for the most part, we have ignored. We have not recognized the importance of trained feelings in the apperception of solutional things. One of the reasons we have this hopeless world of matter around us which we cannot break through is because we have dulled some of the strongest in-

struments we have by which we might be able to break through the material limitations we have imposed upon ourselves. So we are basically possessed of a powerful emotional content that has gone to seed within us, that has turned into a garden of weeds because no one has taken care of it, because we have spent all our time trying to perfect the mind. This emotional content is obvious in our traditions and obvious in our thoughts about such things as Christmas.

There are very few people, in spite of their complaints, who do not enjoy Christmas. There are very few who do not enjoy the fable of Christmas. It is a part of the survival of all races. If you look around you, everywhere you turn is the ideological content for what we do. The Greeks, the Egyptians, the people of the middle ages had a great world of abstract ideals. They believed in a wide variety of extraphysical things. They had their gods, their demi-gods, their deities, nymphs, dryads, sprites and salamanders,—fables yes, but probably more factual than fact itself. In our process of becoming factual we have destroyed all forms of our imagination outlet. We have denied ourselves any mythology, any legendry, any tradition beyond that of sober history, but strangely enough history is the greatest mythology, the greatest mass of unrealities that we could possibly addict ourselves to. There is no fairy story in the world as distorted or unreal as history.

We have all kinds of peculiar beliefs. Because we do not believe as older people believed does not mean we have necessarily overcome superstitions, we just have different kinds of superstitions, and unfortunately they are not pleasant ones. It might be superstitious to believe there were little spirits that lived in oak trees and shook the acorns down. It might be stupid and superstitious to believe that, when we know it was only the wind that shook the acorns down, but still it is no more stupid, no more superstitious than the belief that economics will result in happiness, because that has been disproved every time it has been experimented with. And also it is no

more superstitious to believe that the Nibelungs gathered up the treasures of the earth than it is to believe that anything important will result from the recovery of the gold buried on the Atlantic seaboard. We have our superstitions but they are different, the principal difference being they are not pleasant. The superstitions of the Ancients were rather charming, happy things. They made people feel good, work harder for things that are fine, but our superstitions are all morbid. Our superstitious belief that we might find news in the morning paper, our superstitious belief in the fourth estate, resulting in our preference for the latest murders before breakfast,—all these things are unpleasant and we believe in them very firmly. The belief that we can create world peace by parleys is one of the greatest superstitions in the world. The belief that we should be any further along or any happier if the various institutions we have today would intensify their procedure, is a superstition. There is no greater superstition in the world than the belief that science knows everything. It does not. To deify these institutions is as great a superstition as to believe the woods could talk or the rivers sing. But our superstitions we hold in deadly earnest, we go to war over them, they cause us to hate people, they cause us to hate ourselves, we are uncomfortable and dyspeptic as a result of our fond clinging to our own fallacies.

If we are going to recognize the fact that the human being must believe something, and no civilization has succeeded that has not believed in something greater than itself, (and no human being can succeed who does not believe in something greater than himself) if we have to believe in something, it is obviously desirable that we should believe in something that is ennobling and constructive and that results in a higher dedication to those ends that are in themselves real.

Now we can say, as Freud said, "Why not face the stark reality, things are going from bad to worse? Why not face the fact that what we call religion is nothing but an escape mechanism?

Why not have the courage to face the fact that the physical world is all there is, has been, or ever will be? Why deceive ourselves at all?" Well, Freud had his way and his viewpoint, but his type of viewpoint never produced any really important result. In the first place, he assumed to be true that which he believed and everything else to be wrong. That is an assumption and not a fact. Mortality is just as much a theory as immortality, even from a scientific standpoint. Throughout the philosophy of history we realize that the individual with a strong ideology is the individual who does the world work. No one is great because of unbelief; he may be smug but not great. There is a grave question as to whether there is really such a thing as actual unbelief. A great skeptic once claimed that in his estimation every ideal of the human race from the beginning of time was a racket. One day he did not feel very well, he became quite excited and asked his secretary to phone the local priest. The secretary nearly collapsed, but said, "What is his phone number?" The man answered, "I always keep it under the corner of my blotter in case of emergency." And I am not sure that is not a reasonable definition of unbelief. When everything is going well unbelief is something we can endure, but it is completely unendurable when things go wrong. There is a great question as to whether an actual atheist exists, although many say they are. If you go far enough inside the individual you will strike a spiritual impulse, because it is there. But we have departed from all the more beautiful escape mechanisms, if you want to call them that, which have helped to build great civilizations.

We have an example of that right here today as a problem in our world. We have the material resources to conduct our civilization for a long time; we have the sphere of influence, we have fear if not the love of the world, we can do almost anything we want to do as a people. Then why are we not happier, more secure, more united, more actually devoted to things that are real than any other people on earth? Sim-

ply because we lack the priceless ingredient of contentment, and that is purpose, dynamic purpose, a reason for existence. The principal power in maintaining human life over a critical period is the will to live. If an individual who is very, very ill gives up the will to live he will die; if he holds the will to live he usually recovers, unless the damage is so great the body cannot survive. But in many cases of serious illness the will to live is important to recovery. If you ask the patient afterward the reason for his will to live, he will very seldom tell you it was just because he wanted to live; he will tell you he willed to live *because* of something. The mother willed to live because she wanted to stay with the child who needed her. The man with the profession willed to live so he could finish his job, whatever it was. The great sculptor willed to live because he wanted to finish his work. The great musician willed to live because he wanted to finish his musical composition. The will to live was always bound to a purpose and I have never yet heard of any dying man who said he willed to live because he wanted to make more money. At that particular time money did not look so important to him. He might will to live long enough to make a will so that he would not die intestate. There is always an overtone behind the will to live; without that overtone there is no reason to live, and the things for which human beings live are their ideals, their dreams, their purposes, and these are intangibles.

A nation to survive must have the will to live. You cannot perpetuate a disillusioned people. You cannot perpetuate a people who are convinced within themselves there is nothing worth while to be gained by going on. You cannot perpetuate sophistication. You have to have the will to live, and for a people, a nation, the will to live is linked to the purpose for which they live. There must be a purpose. Without a purpose there can be no will to live. Man differs from the brute in that particular respect. Man is the only creature who can plan a purpose and

that is the basis of his will to survive. The intangible behind all tangible things is purpose, an intangible. This purpose has never yet been sufficiently attained by the intellect. Never yet has the individual been forced to the will to live merely by converting him to an idea. The will to live is powerfully geared to the emotional and sympathetic nature, and the emotions must have their place in the will to live. The emotions are perfected through the esthetic culture of a people, through idealism, through the unselfish desires of a people. The greatest power behind the will to live is the desire to live to serve. The greatest will is the will to survive in order to give rather than to get. The only thing that can survive is that which believes itself to be necessary to the good of something else. Take that away and you have no impulse for survival. The mother with the small child would be perfectly willing to die, when in great pain, but the desire to protect her child is greater. It is her desire to give herself to her child, and that is the impulse to live, the will to go on.

And this is also true of a nation. The only thing that can preserve this nation is a purposed will to survive, because this nation believes, feels and knows that its survival is necessary to the common good. Until we get that we cannot win the peace. We cannot win the peace without our fable, without our myth, without our superstition, (if you want to call it that) without the basic belief that we have something to give that is good, and it is that belief in the power of what we can do for another, rather than that which the other can do for us, that is purpose. That is the glory of life. That is the reason why the idealist emerges after thousands of years of oblivion and takes his high place among mankind. It is because of what he gives.

In a nation this emotional intangible that cannot be rationalized is present in those people who are persecuted, and dies in those in whom the struggle ceases. The impulse of purpose is defeated, usually, by the attainment of purpose. That is why Aesop, the fab-

list of Greece, answered the question "What is the great work of the Gods?" by saying, "The Gods devote their time to lifting up the lowly and pushing down the great. That is the vocation of the Gods." But the truth of the matter is, the attainment of the purpose exhausts the will to live. The world conqueror fails after he conquers the world, because like Alexander he has no more worlds to conquer. Therefore, if you place your goal too near you shorten your own life; if you say, "All I have to live for is something I can get in five years," that is often the end of life. Very often nature steps in, giving a new incentive, thus extending the goal another five years. But the horizon is always before us, retiring from us; however, it is possible to set a goal too close, in which case you destroy the purpose of life. The significance of a thing is lost after the goal is attained. As a result nations become powerful, then their purpose dies and they cease. In the process of becoming powerful they persecute other nations, and the persecuted nations having the desire to escape persecution immediately unite in purpose. They have the will to live because their privilege of living has been attacked. That is why it is difficult to partition nations after war, and the heavy clouds of that difficulty have already gathered. The moment you work an injustice you create purpose which is the final righter of wrong. If you give away something belonging to someone else you give that individual the will to live because you attacked the right to life. Whereas, if you reach a position of security and nothing attacks you, you promptly settle down to breaking up. Success breeds division, adversity breeds unity. We strengthen that which we afflict, we weaken that which we reward. Cicero said, "While it is difficult to bear the burden of adversity, it is almost impossible to carry the burden of success."

We have these forces at work all the time, building problems within ourselves. Why do great fortunes usually die in the third generation? Because the second and third generations did not

have to fight for them. That which is easy breeds weakness; that which is difficult challenges. There is nothing man has been able to devise as powerful as the environment which nature has created to challenge the human being to growth. It is a most magnificent program, one we must begin to think about; we must become aware of the significant motions that are vibrant through everything that we do.

So we have in our life this tremendous force of intangibles which is curiously related to the one fable we have perpetuated in generosity, the strange little man who lives at the North Pole. St. Nicholas, or Santa Claus, was originally Robinhood Bishop, an old Christian Bishop, and he was a character if there ever was one. He used to wander up and down the diocese collecting things in a curious sort of way. On visiting a Baron if he saw a nice looking candlestick, when the Baron bowed him out, the candlestick bowed out with him. Of course, he did not always do it just that way; sometimes he convinced the Baron it was good for him to make a gift of the candlestick, but if he did not show appropriate generosity the candlestick had a way of disappearing. Now it was generally conceded throughout the diocese that the archbishop was an honorable man, that his character was above reproach, that his piety, integrity, and honesty could not be questioned. It was just unfortunate that he suffered from a slight case of kleptomania, but that was quite understandable in a man of his great spiritual achievement. The shrewd old Bishop had an interesting time, because after a while it became more and more the local custom for various persons to put things out where he could find them and he would think he was doing something very astute, but all the time the candlestick was put out where he could find it.

Everyone entered into the little game and had a wonderful time and he went home with the pockets of his robe bulging with the things he had taken. Then came the delicate issue of trying to give the candlestick to a needy family, but,

of course, the candlestick had a background and history, so that did not work so well, it merely got the recipient into more trouble. Gradually out of this difficulty he evolved a way, the way of the secret source of good. He would find coins where they had been laid out for him and with a full purse he would go out and visit his parishioners; when no one was looking he would slip the coins to them, or leave them where they would be found. If they asked him where they came from, he would say, "Probably an angel brought them; you needed them and here they are." No one knew anything about it, it was a complete institution of secret giving and one of the most interesting and dramatic stories of the early history of the Christian church.

After a long time this old character became involved in an older tradition of secret giving, previously related to spirits, angels and all kinds of mysterious creatures from the beginning of time, the Irish fairies, the gnomes and nymphs, the German folklore, the Arabian fables, all these stories were involved in the peasant belief, and it was always the story of how some spirit or sprite brought the gift, instead of the human giver. This is present among the Indians in New Mexico where they give little dolls to the children telling them that the little dolls walk out of the mountains to them. It is a sort of fantasy, but a fantasy very deep in human nature. I think an old Indian gave me one of the best definitions in the world on this subject, one that we so-called highly civilized people would do well to consider. This old man said, "Yes, yes, it is quite true we make the little images and give them to the children, but really, do we?" And I wonder if it is such a story to say that a spirit did it. I wonder if it is not true, whether in reality there is not a spirit that makes us do it, rather than ourselves.

Maybe there is a Santa Claus. Maybe there is a Santa Claus that is in our consciousness, that we share like a racial spirit or a creational spirit. Maybe the Buddha is right, compassion is not an

emotional manifestation, but a principle, and all those who feel compassion manifest the one compassion that exists in the world. Perhaps the virtue is the manifestation of the attributes of the gods; perhaps our secret giving bears witness to a god of giving. It might be something to think about. Certainly we have always had it and always felt awfully good when we obeyed its impulses, and felt rather sad when it was commercialized, because we have a sense of values about these things. Perhaps, as the old Indian expressed it, it is true the gods are the givers and human beings are only the way of delivering the goods. We do not really give them, we only deliver them.

There is a deity, a spirit, a power in life that is the real giver, and our gifts come finally from the Sun. The Sun is the giver of all things and we are merely the distributors of these universal benefactions. We are merely the agency serving the one great spirit of good. We should not really say, "It is I who gives," rather, "Through me it is given." The personality equation should be out of it; we have the privilege of being the channel for the free distribution of things. We all know what happens in this world of economics when a few people get too much money, we have a depression, because wealth is only useful when it is in circulation. When it is tied up in a few places it is no longer wealth, it is poverty.

It is the same way with our emotions and generosity. It is only what we give, what we keep in circulation, that does us any good; only that which we administer, that which we serve with, that has any virtue or value to us. Years ago I talked with an old Mohammedan—Islam too, has its festival of secret giving. I asked him what he considered the proper spirit of giving, and the old man said, "According to our belief all giving should be secret. The personal equation should be removed from all giving. We should never give so others will know we give." That is Islam. The delicacy of the gift is significant. We should only give in the name of the Spirit of Good, and that is more or less

what Christmas means. That is the idea behind it. Of course, we cannot help being discovered as the giver, but it should not be our primary concern. Our primary purpose should not be that we give as a satisfaction to our egos, or that we should be known by our giving, but rather to have the joy of sharing what we have, and to do it in the most delicate manner possible. There is a story in Islam of the beggar who sat on the street corner collecting coins in a bowl. Someone said to him, "I suppose you know every generous man in town." He replied, "No, I do not, I know only the stingy ones, because every man who puts his coin in my bowl first covers his face." That is Islam. Our Christmas festival is related to this, to doing good simply in the name of a Spirit, in the name of a Power.

Now, let us think of it in another way for a moment. Have you ever considered the collective thought power and its effect in the invisible world in nature? Have you ever realized, for instance, that in spiritualistic seances characters who have never existed occasionally materialize, appear and communicate? Of course, the physicist or physical scientist will say, "That is just proof of the fact that the entire problem is merely one of psychology." But that is not true. The truth of the matter is that anything we believe in and think about and visualize comes into existence in the astral light. It is perfectly possible for the Count of Monte Cristo to be a being, although he never lived; because of the thousands of people who have read about his life and adventures he has become a thought picture in the minds of people. Collective thought pictures become entities in the astral light. Now these entities are only mental beings, they have no real life, they are shadows, like shadow forms upon the motion picture screen, thought into existence by the combined mental impulses of many minds. But would it be fair to say because a motion picture is a shadow it is not an influence? It is one of the greatest influences in our life for good or evil. Would it be fair to say that a great work of art has no influence be-

cause it is not alive, since it is only a canvas or stone? That would be quite wrong; it has a profound influence. When Xerxes stood in the presence of the Olympian Zeus he stopped the war and said, "I cannot look in the face of that statue and kill men." Yet it was only a statue, but you can see it did have power; and you can see that thought forms too, have power.

If you could study and visualize the astral light on Christmas eve when millions of small children who believe in Santa Claus go to sleep thinking and dreaming about him, if you could study the thing from a more or less fourth dimensional vista, you would have the privilege of seeing Santa Claus on Christmas Eve. You would see the



complete image of the entire thing floating in the astral light, created out of the thought forms of individuals and capable of impinging itself upon the thought forms of other individuals. If your small child sometimes says to you that he saw Santa Claus, do not think it is imagination, except as it is the product of the mass imagination of the entire world. Remember many things we consider facts are only mass imagination. It is quite possible and real that the mass thought should have a profound effect upon the life of the race. Certainly it is only a shadow, but you cannot think without thoughts becoming things.

If you study this subject well, you will find many grave and serious questions of life answered in the same way. It is perfectly possible for a great power of good to be released upon the world through the simultaneous, concentrated thought of people. It is quite possible for this to be a force capable of bring-

ing about good. You are a little weary and tired at that time of the year; then about Christmas time, something begins to stir in you, the old feeling comes back, you go out struggling with the old problem outwardly resentful against it, but inwardly you will fight for it. Perhaps you have picked up something, picked up this thought; perhaps it is because of this thought form you are what you have sworn you would never be again,—gullible at Christmas time. Just as men are picked up in the psychology of battle, so it is possible for men to be picked up by the mass psychology of beauty and manifest something of that spirit that has meant so much to the world from the beginning. To most of us Santa Claus and Christmas are the window and door to something within our own consciousness, the realization of sharing, giving secretly. It is something that is very good, very important, and something by which we do become rather close to the Gods who give all to mankind. So you play at being divine, and we hope you will play wisely and gently, that always with your giving you will be aware of the sacred privilege of sharing, and that every opportunity to give is a sacrament of sharing with life that which life has abundantly bestowed.

If we had more of these fables and myths and less of what we call practical things we would have a much better world. We will have them some day and we will grow up. When we grow up we will have a return of the fables and myths. They will be reborn again and we shall discover the old stories, which we believed to be nothing but nursery tales, to be stronger and more real than the greatest scientific knowledge of our day. We may discover the subtle overtones which can only be

communicated in myths and fables, because we have no words for them. But they are very real, they are the rededication to something vital to our own good. So in spite of inconveniences we go on, but it is a blessed thing we do. It is also good for us to think about these matters and try to learn through giving how to give. Remember it is through the secret philosophy of sharing, through these experiences that we perfect our own understanding as we go on.

In order to make Christmas significant, each one in some way can experience the sacrament of giving as a restatement of the fact that in spite of what goes on in the world, in spite of how much problems burden us, and how responsibilities depress us, still in our hearts we can have the simple joy of a good deed, a reconsecration to generosity and kindly things. And in this coming year, as one great Christmas gift, let us more firmly resolve that in the year ahead we will give more of the happiness in ourselves and less of our grief to others. Let us forgive everyone who we have felt has wronged us. Let us resolve that in giving we will not give anything that does not help. That we will not give negative gifts, not too much advice, that may be very negative, but let us give strength, wisdom and courage. Let us release from bondage to us those upon whom we have believed we have claims; let us release everyone and everything we have held by unreasonable means. Let us realize that the only thing we can really give is opportunity, and let us give it abundantly. Let us make it a year in which we shall try to make our great gift to the world a constructive, self-dedication to the service of others. If we do this it will not only be an important Christmas, but a very important year in our lives.



Curiouser & Curiouser

A DEPARTMENT DEDICATED TO ALICE IN WONDERLAND

The Story of the Tulip Mania

ABOUT the middle of the sixteenth century, our familiar flower the tulip was brought to Europe from Turkey, where its name means "a turban". The rage to possess tulip bulbs became an obsession with the rich and aristocratic families of Holland and Germany. In 1634 the Dutch developed such an acute form of tulip mania that all other industry was neglected and the entire population embarked in the tulip trade. Rich burghers spent half of their fortune for a single root and the bulbs were sold for so much a grain at a price little less than that of diamonds.

A small bulb of Admiral Von der Eyk was worth 1,200 florins, and a still smaller root of Admiral Liefkin was considered cheap at 4,400 florins. One prosperous dealer in Amsterdam offered twelve acres of building ground for one tulip bulb. A rare specimen of the Amsterdam tulip brought 4,600 florins in money, a new carriage, two gray horses and a complete suit of harness.

Some very humorous incidents occurred during the height of the tulip mania. A sailor, seeing what appeared to him a small onion on the counter of a merchant's shop, slipped it into his pocket to eat with his lunch of fine red herring. The poor sailor did not realize that his supposed onion was a rare bulb

of Semper Augustus, worth 280 pounds sterling. The sailor was arrested while sitting contentedly on a coil of rope chewing up the last morsel of the precious onion. He insisted that the flavor of the bulb was excellent and was surprised to find himself committed to prison for a long term on a charge of grand felony.

An English traveler, an amateur botanist by avocation, suffered an equally distressing experience. He chanced to see a small tulip root in the conservatory of a wealthy Dutchman. Being unfamiliar with the plant he took out his pen knife and peeled off several of the outer layers. Then methodically he cut the remainder of the bulb into two equal sections with truly scientific interest.

About this time the Dutch merchant appeared in a fury demanding what the Englishman was doing. "Peeling an onion," replied the amateur botanist. "Death and the Devil," screamed the Dutchman, "you have cut an Admiral Van der Eyk in half!" "Thank you," replied the Englishman, taking out his notebook, "are these Admirals common in your country?"

The Dutch merchant caused the astonished Englishman to be brought into the presence of a magistrate where he

learned to his amazement that he had been whittling on a priceless tulip bulb. The poor botanist was lodged in prison until he found securities to pay 4,000 florins for his scientific urge.

In 1636, the tulip found its way into the stock exchange in Amsterdam and other large Dutch cities. Gambling in tulips became the principal profession of the day. Fortunes were made and lost in a few hours and every one from Princes of the Blood to chimney sweeps were buying interest in their favorite bulbs. The business became so complicated that legal codes had to be drawn up for the guidance of dealers. The result of the mania was an inflation that effected even the necessities of life. Then came the crash in 1636. Almost overnight the bottom fell out of the tulip trade. Many investors were ruined and many noble houses impoverished. There was a wave of suicide and for a time it seemed that the entire country

would go bankrupt.

The government was unable to find any remedy for those who had ruined their estates speculating in tulip bulbs and it was finally agreed that all commitments were to be cancelled and the transactions should be at the mutual satisfaction of buyer and seller with no recourse to law. It is said that some Dutch families were more than a hundred years in recovering their financial status after the collapse of the tulip industry.

During the difficult years of the Second World War, tulip bulbs also played an important part in Dutch economy. When all other food stuffs failed, the spunky Hollanders survived for several years with these bulbs as a principle article of diet. A tulip bulb would bring relief from the pangs of hunger for an hour or two. In this way the tulip has atoned for the damage which it caused in the seventeenth century.

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The Mystery of the Disappearing Elephants

YEARS ago on the huge stage of the Hippodrome Theatre in New York, Harry Houdini, by the ingenious use of trap doors and various mechanical devices, caused a full sized live elephant to vanish utterly before the unbelieving eyes of a completely bewildered audience. Houdini regarded this trick as his masterpiece.

It is a far cry from Broadway to the jungles of Central America, but even in that distant part it would appear that science has wrought another miracle. In this case not one elephant, but two, have mysteriously evaporated into thin air.

In the old Mayan city of Copan are a number of monolithic stones of huge size and weight. These were set up in the dim distant past, presumably as date markers, to celebrate important historical events.

This type of stone is called a stele. The front is ornamented with a stand-

ing figure of a god in high relief, and the sides and back are covered with panels of glyphs some of which, principally the dates, have been decoded at least in part.

For lack of better information, these great stones are identified by the letters of the alphabet, and our principal concern is the carving on the upper part of stele "B".

Here on each side of the elaborate headdress of the heroic human figure was the beautifully carved forepart of an elephant. To quote J. Leslie Mitchell in his interesting book *The Conquest of the Mayas*, "They are unmistakably Indian elephants, surmounted by mahouts complete with turbans and goads: they are beasts as a sculptor, who had never seen them in the dun flesh, might record from legend."

This primitive artistry has proved most vexing to Mayaologists and other



Stele B at Copan showing elephant heads
at top

gentry of the learned because there are no elephants in America except those recently imported for zoos or circuses.

A violent argument has raged in the high places for the last fifty years. Some scholars have been brought to the desperate extremities of suggesting that these stone pachyderms represent *elephas Americana*, those grand old mastodons who wandered about the western hemisphere. These became extinct thousands of years prior to the advent of the Maya empire builders. This being the case, how did the classical American Indians find models for their artistry? Also it seems unlikely that turbaned mahouts rode mastodons—but then science is flexible.

Although these finely chiseled elephant heads look exactly like what they were intended to represent, another contingency of the scientific group suggests that they were intended to be macaws, or perhaps tapirs, or again alligators. As we look at the curling trunks, we are delighted with the thought that the Mayas might have conceived of alligators with their tails at the wrong end. The most intriguing thought, of course, is that the elephant heads are really elephant heads.

Again to quote Mr. Mitchell, whose word is given weight by the fact that his book has a foreword by Professor G. Elliot Smith, M.A., M.D., D.S.C. etc., F.R.S., "They are—or rather, they *were*. For the blot has been removed from the family escutcheon: the elephant decoration on stele "B" has been badly mutilated in recent years, by 'bandits.' Is it too much to suspect that the 'bandits,' refreshed by this exercise, have returned to their more orthodox and respectable archeological pursuits?"

While it would be unfair for us to have opinion on a matter so abstract as vanishing elephants, we are inclined to suspect that there may be some truth lurking behind the substance of his suspicions. It is a commonly observed frailty of human nature that when man is confronted with some phenomenon that can not be explained in the terms of his prevailing opinion, it is simpler, if less scientific, to destroy the evidence rather than hazard the dignity of that state of fragmentary information which we like to call fact.

Reincarnation and Karma

THE one great test of an adequate background in thinking is that the thinker is sufficient to himself in times of personal stress. The problem of being sufficient in the abstract is not enough, we must be conditioned for concrete expression of our convictions. In war, as in times of peace, there are moments in the life of each individual when that which he believes is called upon, there comes a time when we must apply our doctrines and our philosophies, apply them to a real problem *now*, a problem which we do not fully understand but which confronts us with crisis and pain. It is only under such stress that the development which we have achieved can actually be established. We are tested and tried and our reaction to these tests and trials is the visible proof of the years of effort we have expended in the desire to become stronger and better.

Now when some form of this problem strikes directly at us, the first reaction is usually one of resistance to a fact. We are told something is gone, our first thought is, "I do not believe it." We take refuge always in the familiar, and we like to assume that that which we most fear is less likely to occur. In some cases our attitude is correct, but our first resistance to change, our first resistance to the breaking up of patterns within ourselves, bears witness to the old traditional way of living and thinking which we have inherited, which is in our blood, and has belonged to our ancestry since the beginning of time. Then gradually the old primordial resistance, the desire to deny, to ignore, to escape, gives way to a sober realization that this thing is probably true. The moment we estimate the probability of the truth of an unpleasant thing, then immediately our emotions go to work. Our emotions center around a number of different axes; one of the simplest and most rudimentary is our own sense of self-pity. The moment we

think of something unhappy that has happened to others, we feel badly about it, if we are normal people, but when we suddenly discover something bad has happened to ourselves we are desolated, we are devastated by it. We become so sorry for ourselves we melt away in an ocean of tears, or we may be subject to some other type of hysteria to some degree, a strange excitement, a sense of insecurity that shatters the nerves within us, and then gradually out of it all comes the end of crying, weeping and pain. When we have reached the exhaustion point of our reflexes, there comes a silence in which we must gather up again the forces of living. There comes a moment in all great disaster when our whole being and future hangs suspended on a single thread. We can then reorient and integrate these fragments that have been strewn about in chaos, but if we fail to make this adjustment, we sink back in a cold despair and our life from that time on ends neurotically; our pain, sorrow and disillusionment become permanently established within us, to take from each of us the power of action. But in most cases there is a certain buoyancy in human action. There is nothing as quickly forgotten as yesterday's pain. By some mercy beyond our realization the Universe has no way, apparently, of recording in consciousness the continuity of pain after the pain has stopped. The moment pain ceases all we have of it in memory is an intellectual recollection of it. We can never by memory nor by thought, force that pain to hurt again. That is a blessed provision of an all-wise Providence.

So out of the depths of despair we usually rise again, rebuild our world and go on, but there are changes brought about by every crisis in our lives. Everything that happens to us either gives us more of understanding or robs us of some that we had. We

either gain or lose, we seldom if ever emerge from an experience unchanged. If the experience is met with a hopelessly inadequate perspective, then we may come out of the experience impoverished, embittered, with a conviction that the Universe is askew and all is wrong. If, however, we enter into an experience with an adequate philosophy of life, even though during the crisis of that experience we may not be able to apply our philosophy completely, we will in the reconstruction period following stress reorganize our thinking and emerge enriched and deepened by the thing that happened to us. That is the reason why we need so desperately and so completely to keep certain patterns of principles forever before us. We need them in our daily living, in our daily contact with others, and especially now we need them. We need them in every aspect of this tragedy that has been with us. We need these principles and these realizations to give us strength, the purpose and the vision to go on, gaining from what happened those priceless ingredients of power by means of which we become greater within ourselves. And in this necessity, there is nothing we more need to know as personal conviction, to know as demonstrable fact within our own consciousness at least, than the Laws and Principles which govern and direct the motion of our world.

We need to know first of all in every part of our nature that this Universe is a Universe of Values, of Laws, of Principles, of Truths and of Facts. We need to know that there is reason in everything that happens, that there is no such thing as accident or chance, and everything that happens is a Universal Principle working itself out in the pattern of life. We need to believe this, understand it, accept it, cherish it to ourselves, and restate it to ourselves day after day; that our Universe is ruled by Law and Order. Not as a platitudinous, mental assumption should we hold this conviction to ourselves, but as a rationalized fact, something that we know, something that we need, something we know will help us in the daily acceptance of

values and the living of those values, also as a refuge to which we may fly in time of stress, restating and repeating again and again the old Buddhist mantram, I TAKE MY REFUGE IN THE LAW.



The only escape of man from catastrophe is a motion toward Reality. Collectively our world cannot make that strange, interdimensional journey that leads from uncertainty to certainty, for it is a journey greater than the journey from one part of the earth to the other. It is a long and difficult trip along a strange and little traveled road. When we climb over mountains and go down into valleys and travel for many days we think we have come far, but all the journeys of the earth are nothing compared to that strange and mysterious journey within ourselves when we seek the refuge of Wisdom. In the last few years refugees have been wandering up and down the face of Europe. Torn from their native soil, they have wandered helpless and hopeless; sick and hungry they have clogged the roads preventing the motion of armies; they have suffered from disease, they have been herded like animals; they have wandered back and forth and have found no place to go, no place that wants them, no place where they could be safe, and in a way this becomes the pattern of the whole physical state of man. When we are searching for security we cannot find it by traveling into distant lands, there is no place to go where it is safe. We become secure not by going somewhere, but by becoming something, and there

is no escape from this implication, no way of evading it, no possibility of avoiding it. It is being thrown back to us today, that the only escape is toward Truth, toward the building of something within ourselves, and the only way we can accomplish that is to begin the very serious and sincere development of the realization of the Laws working in the world.

There are many Laws we might learn, laws that become vital to us as we study the various phenomena of life, but the two old Buddhist canons of Rebirth and Karma are the two laws which in this emergency are our greatest need, and at the same time the laws with which we are the least familiar in our Western life. Many of us believe these laws and try to live them, but it is always good to restate them for common conviction that all may gain a certain assurance, a certain additional overtone of power to that which is already believed. We all live in conflict. While we have certain attitudes within us we are surrounded by persons with contrary attitudes. All through the days our personal convictions are assailed by others with other convictions, so it is good on occasions at least that our convictions should be sustained by a common body of agreement as to the facts of these convictions, and it does not do any harm to restate, renew and reavow within ourselves our allegiance to these laws we believe in, and which we find solutional to our problems.

To the philosopher, to the thinker, the Law of Karma or Compensation is the one final pattern of universal integrity stamped upon his consciousness, built into his very life as something that is the rock upon which his entire character is built. This Law of Compensational Values, the firm and absolute and unalterable conviction that whatever we have done we shall pay for; that as we have sown so shall we reap; that whatever we do will become the basis of future compensational action; that every cause has its effect consistent with itself, and every new effect becomes a new cause of future consequences; a belief in a universal pattern in which reaction

follows action and action follows reaction in absolute pattern, in absolute integrity, inflexible and unchangeable, beyond human modification, beyond the ulterior motives of man, irrespective of whether man believes, accepts or rejects, knows or does not know; this fact remains unalterable, this conviction is man's refuge. To realize that there are Laws beyond man's own convictions, that there are Truths which are true whether he knows them or not, that they will remain true whether he accepts them or not, and though he were to spend his entire lifetime, or a thousand lifetimes, trying to destroy these Facts, he could not touch any of them. Regardless of denials, regardless of refusals, regardless of rebellion, these Laws, impersonal and eternal, flow on unchanged and unchangeable. To get within our own realization a conception of such Laws, Laws for which all human legislation is but a shadow, Laws that are Laws, and Laws against which no system, or religion, or philosophy, or sect, or creed, can rebel successfully; to get the pattern of things as they are, irrespective of how men feel them to be; to realize that theologians have no power to make Laws, only to obey them; to realize neither the gods above nor men below can change the pattern of Law, that Laws were before the gods were formed, before the worlds were fashioned and before man was brought forth, these great Universal Values fulfilling themselves forever through the actions of their Creator, —all these are the philosophic refuge, these are the Realities to which the Wise would escape.

Our only way of running away from disaster is to verge toward Law, to move ourselves triumphantly into the realization of this pattern and to gain from that realization an immovable quality within us, an immortality of realization and a realization of immortality. These convictions of the reality of Law must be more than mental acceptance, must be more than creedal affirmation, they must be a sincere personal realization, and having achieved this realization we must then have the strength

and capacity to vitalize these facts whenever we are in the presence of stress. We must not apply it to the disaster of other men, but to the trials of ourselves. We must not think of Law being applicable to the lives of those around us, we must think of it as being peculiarly applicable to what happens to us. Remember that our relatives, our business problems, our marital misfortunes, our thoughtless children and our sickness, all these things are in this Law, and the things that are happening to us are just, regardless of how unpleasant they may be. All this does not apply to others now or ourselves some other time, it applies to us now and forever and it always has applied.

There is nothing that has ever happened to the individual that is not the result of something he has done or left undone, and there is nothing that will ever happen to him that he will not have caused to happen by something he does now or in the future. It is a case where small matters, little irritating things, inharmony at the office, the difficulty in securing some really essential commodity that we want right now, the delay in the fulfillment of our expectations, a bad day on the golf links, some one trumping our ace and renegeing to do it, great and little problems, important things and foolish little stupid things, great world catastrophes and the way a leaf falls from a tree, the growth of the plant or grass and the building of a monopolistic empire, all these things must be according to pattern. These patterns are absolute and unalterable, and that which is to survive must be according to the Law governing its own survival. If it is according to that Law it will live, and if it is not according to that Law it will die.

Men begin to die the moment they break the Law, and men begin to live again and are born again when they discover the Law. And in times of stress, it means so much to know that the Law works. It means so much to know that whether or not we have the strength or ability to do it, we can choose some catastrophe, whatever it may be, even the blackest moments of our lives,

we can sit down quietly and think it through and realize it was a universal necessity, best for us and best for all that this happened at the moment it did happen. But between us as universal principles perceiving the matter and our outer reflexes, lies that strange and mysterious stratum of our personal hurts and feelings where everything is interpreted in terms of pleasure and pain, and nothing is interpreted in the terms of right and wrong. Between us now and this realization of the Law is this great appetitive structure, a structure of wishes, hopes and fears, beliefs and contentions, wishes and convictions, all the bad laws made by men, all the lawlessness of men, all desires, all pain, all passion and all pleasure. Between us and the discovery of value lies a great interlude of intensely personal reflexes, and when something strikes against them, when some great sorrow strikes them, stirring them up like winds stirring up the sea, causing all the deep currents of our emotions to flow and coil and twist like dragons in Space—when these things happen it is very hard for us to be quiet and see the Law working. In this stress comes rebellion, disbelief, we are tempted to curse fate and the world, and declare there is no Truth in Nature. It is, therefore, the purpose of learning, and has been from the beginning, to moderate these impulses of man's emotional and passional existence, refining them to the degree that they may be brought into check and Law can be restated even in emergency.

Today if we can only hold to that Law and in the moment of stress sit down and ask ourselves, sanely and quietly, how the Law is working, and see how it is working, we shall suddenly realize that truly the thing that happens is right, not by platitude, not by mere vain assumption of some theological Providence, but that that thing which happens is right according to every value, every necessity; that no parliamentarian ever handed down a greater or more sublime verdict; that that which happens is good without qualification. Yet we will be able to build up a thousand different things that happen, little

children who suffer, old men who weep, the strong cut down and impoverished and all the thousand ills that flesh is heir to,—all these will rise up to contradict and seek to disprove the integrity of the Law. But only those of superficial mind will be deceived by these seeming things, because if we take only a single episode in all this pageantry, break it down and examine it, there is an adequate reason for what happens. It is not that the reason is absent but that the minds of men cloud themselves with emotional reflexes, and therefore lose the penetrating power to perceive the reason.

The quickest and only way we can truly discover the reason for things that happen to us is to impersonalize experience. We must see it as a series of circumstances rather than react to it as a series of shocks. If we can see things clearly and calmly, we shall always see the Law, and to the degree we do not see the Law we may assume safely that personality and emotions have obscured our vision. The Law is never absent, the only thing that is absent is our own ability to perceive that which is ever present, and strangely enough we can build magnificent defenses against the obvious and the factual. We are always claiming that we reject superstitions, we do not wish to be victims of illusions, and we do not wish to be accused of day dreaming, of being visionary. We regard the fairy stories of childhood as something that should be left behind, and yet only one in a thousand of those who believe themselves to be practical, sober-minded people, can look at a fact and see what is there; for the rest, all of life is somewhat of a dreaming, and those who would reject the dreams of the mystic and of the seer are looking at life themselves and seeing not Facts but only their own illusions mirrored back at them from the surface of externals. We should realize that anyone looking at circumstances who fails to see justice in them is not looking clearly. When we are incapable of seeing the Law in what happens, it is merely a shortcoming in ourselves and no evidence of weakness

or insufficiency in the Law itself.

So, when we read of nations hurling themselves against nations in death struggles we must find the Law at work. Why does this happen? What is the great Universal kindness that lies behind this great human cruelty? When we read of thousands who have frozen in the snows of Russia, how can we see the Law at work? When we read of the devastation of Poland and the starvation of Greece, why? What are the Laws that must be fulfilled? Why do these things have to happen in order for this world to live? Why has the story of religion been the story of men who have died that their faiths might live? Why is the death of the saint and martyr an integral part and characteristic of man's belief? Why do great scientists give their lives, as the men did who developed the X-ray, paying always with themselves for the things they do? Where is the Law working? Why do musicians starving in garrets die and leave immortal music, and little men who do nothing die, not in garrets, but in sanitariums, of overeating? Why are dictators like Hitler allowed to rise up and change the whole face of the world, or do they change it? Do they merely break down part of the sham which men built up and which never had any significance at all? What are these tyrants? Are they destroyers of sham, tearing down illusions that Realities may be clearer? What can be destroyed? An old Greek Master replied to this question, "Only that which is destructible." "And," said the Disciple, "what is the destructible?" And the Master replied, "Only that which is unreal." Therefore, he who tears down can tear down only unreality. There is no man, no dictator, no general, no army, be it the forces of Genghis Khan, that for one instant, with all the coordinated forces together, can strike even the feeblest blow against Facts, because Facts, like Beauty, are immortal. They are like the light of the sun. Men may fire their arrows at the sun for ages but they cannot destroy it.

There was a great Persian General who had slain his enemy, but he be-

came angry at the sun because it had shone upon his enemy, so he went out on the palace parapet and with his bow and arrow tried to shoot the sun. His arrows all fell short and his courtiers observed that because of the thing that happened he became very miserable and unhappy. He could not kill the sun. So the courtiers caused large birds to be captured and they filled bags with blood, fastening them to the birds, and the birds flew up into the air. With his arrow the Emperor shot at the bags of blood, and when his arrows buried themselves into the blood bags, the blood poured down upon the earth. Then the Emperor was content because he believed he had killed the sun. Now that is a strange, stupid story, but it is the story of all men who have tried to destroy Fact. They cannot, therefore they build another error and destroy it, claiming they have slain Reality. Never for a moment can anything that is real be touched by men, any more than man can destroy any principle in life. He may destroy all the beautiful things that the hand of man has fashioned, but Beauty he cannot destroy. Beauty will flow forth as a fountain long after he is gone. He may try to destroy learning, like the Emperor of China who called all the scholars of his Empire and forced them to build the Great Wall. When they died in the desert he cast their bodies into the wall, and hundreds of thousands of the learned died in China because the Emperor was illiterate. But what happened? The Great Wall destroyed China, and furthermore, today the commonest coolie walking by the tomb of the Emperor who issued that edict will pick up a pebble and in his disdain and contempt cast it at the Emperor's tomb. Learning does not pass with the learned. Beauty does not die with the beauty in the flower; the flower that once has bloomed may die, but the beauty of the flower goes on forever.

These great Laws and Principles at the root of things, sustaining and maintaining all things, are indestructible principles against which the power of man can not prevail. We must realize

there is an absolute Justice in Space, that the Universe is filled with Justice, and the only injustice there is, is in the minds of men. We must realize this and apply it, and we must realize that even the injustice within ourselves is a kind of dreaming. It is a lack of Justice, it is something that results from the fact that we have not yet built the perception to see the Real. We may be able to maintain that viewpoint about things that are happening five or ten thousand miles away, but can we likewise keep open these streams of realization when some of these blows strike against us or those we care for? We must realize the necessity for sustaining a strong spirit within us, a spirit of strength that has its refuge in the Law, a refuge absolute and complete. As the Law of Cause and Effect gives us the sense of endurance we need, the sense of absolute security which we require, so its companion law, more difficult to the unbeliever, but more real to those who have thought it through, is this Law of Rebirth, this Law of Immortality applied to man, this Law of Cause and Effect applied to the undying principles locked within the temporal body of man.

In order that this Universe may be conceived as filled with Law in all its parts, it is absolutely necessary to realize the indestructibility of life and the continuity of consciousness throughout Space. It is necessary for us to know as personal convictions, often sustained by personal experience, that there is neither beginning nor end to anything that is. The only things that have beginnings and ends are dreams from which all the world awakens, age after age. That which has beginning can have end. All the schemes and stratagems of men have beginnings and therefore have ends. The same of empires, dynasties, monopolies, industries and states, nations and races, flora and fauna, types and kinds, all these things have beginnings and ends, but they are only the shadows cast in matter of great immortal principles that are without beginning and without end. Everything that is real is eternal, whether it be the

Reality in the ripple of the river or the Reality in the souls of men. Everything that is real is endless, ageless, timeless. That which is real is neither young nor old, that which is real goes on and has gone on and will go on forever, eternally, agelessly, through Space, which is the vastness of time.

Everything that is real goes on, but the reason why we think of immortality as a dream and not a fact is because our minds will not bridge the interval of change. To us a changing is always an ending,—we think that way. When generations change we say the world ends. To some people the world ended with the bustle, to others it ended with hoop-skirts, to still others it ended with the Prince Albert coat. Families who have to change their status of living are said to end. When a rich man becomes poor, he ends. A change of condition is regarded as a termination of something. When nations are captured by other nations they are said to die, not because they have ceased as beings, but as political institutions. Whenever the forms of things change we regard that as endings, and when new forms appear we regard it as beginnings. We would think the same of trees, which we would regard as dying each year and coming to life the next, were we not sufficiently long of life to see it repeated so many times we are finally forced to believe the tree does not die each year.

Well, life is like a tree, it is always apparently budding and dying but, like great Sequoias, goes on for inconceivable periods of time, and what we conceive as budding and dying are only aspects of great continuity of eternal values. If we can watch long enough we can see that everything that is beautiful perishes, but Beauty does not die; if we can wait long enough we can see that every human being departs, but humanity goes on forever. Furthermore, if we had still greater vision we would perceive that the same humanity goes on, not an infinite number of different persons, forever changing, forever coming and going, but one humanity forever living through change. It is very much like

the mystery of rain and water. Water seems a very diffused and separated element and there seems to be an endless amount of it flowing down from the mountains, flowing down from the heavens and caught up in the deep basins of the seas. There is water, water everywhere, and tomorrow it may rain and there will be more water, so that some people of antiquity were sufficiently impressed by this mysterious fact to dream of floods in which water would cover the entire surface of the earth, and it is only fair to say if there were as much water as there seems to be there would be no dry land. But this water that is forever falling is forever rising, and if we had sufficient perspective and vision and sensitivity we would find that the same little drops of water that rain today fell yesteryear; those same little drops of water have been falling since the dawn of time, because there is just so much moisture on the earth, and as surely as it falls on the earth and flows into wells and streams, into rivers and into the seas, so the sun lifts it up again, and what seems to be new rain falling is always the same rain falling. The same is true of man.

Apparently human beings by some strange mechanism are always coming into the world, all brand-new ones, all spicky span new ones, all little prodigious prodigies, the like of which has never been before. To some it would be a morbid thought to realize the fact that this little brand-new baby is really slightly used. Oh, mortification! To think that this same life that comes apparently "out of the everywhere into the here" has always been, and may be far wiser and older than the parents who beam down upon it. Because we know the beginning of the physical parts of something, we believe we must know all about it, and yet we know that all the skill and genius of our race has never been able to give the breath of life to that which did not receive it, nor to keep the breath in the body the moment the body desired to go. There is something that lives in man and through man that is ageless and timeless. Just as every time it rains it looks like a brand-

new storm, just as every drop of water seems to be part of an inexhaustible supply of newness, so every life that comes into the world seems to be a brand-new life when it is just an ageless life living on within us.

These realizations are important, especially when applied to the problem of ourselves. The great disaster that war brings, is the belief that war destroys. That is one thing about war and destruction that apparently is the end of argument, no one can deny that war destroys. War destroys not only life, but destroys what the Oriental says is even more vital than life, and that is the accomplishment of life. It is a great tragedy that man must die, but it is even a greater tragedy, says the Oriental, to destroy that for which men have died. Men have given their lives to build great cathedrals which can be destroyed in a moment by bombs. Men have given their lives to writing great manuscripts that can be destroyed by fire in the twinkling of an eye. The great immortal achievements of man, those that are illumined, are perishable before the vandalism of the most stupid of men. Someone who could not produce anything can destroy the products of thousands.

This word, destroy, destroy, destroy, corrupts our perspective and leads us to the conclusion that things are destructible and we sustain this illusion by the apparent perspective of the sensory demonstration. We see a man shot, we see him fall dead, we see these things, they must be true; they are true because we see them, and in the presence of these apparent truths our philosophies have a hard time surviving. The profundity of our thinking must go back, beneath and behind these things to find out the relationship of the degrees of the values of the things we see. Things are not necessarily immortal facts because we can see them, any more than the shadows we see on the motion picture screens are real people, even though we can hear their voices and see them move. If the man who fell before us with a bullet in him was the real man, then he would die, but he is no more real than the substance of that fact that the

dying leaves falling from the tree predict the end of the tree. The bodies of men are like leaves falling in the autumn, and that which is man himself is untouched by the falling of the body. All these great cathedrals that have been built with blood, sweat and tears, were built as physical immortalities in a world of physical mortality. Sometimes even these great things must go lest man believe too much in the reality of material things.

There must be an inevitable impermanence if there is ever to be progress, for the same physical permanence that we regard as security is also the wall of things as they are, ever preventing us from going forward to things as they should be. There is nothing more dangerous than security, nothing more destructive of all that is real than this permanence of the moment. The moment captured and crystallized by the ambitions of men and held prisoner beyond its time becomes a plague and a curse. Time is like a wild bird in the forest; men should never try to capture it and hold it; if they do they destroy it. Today while it is here is magnificent, but to bind it and to force it to continue into tomorrow is to destroy oneself and destroy one's world. Time is never healthy except when in motion. The flowing of time carries all things, but the moment it stops it becomes a stagnant pool and a breeder of disease. Never say to the passing hour, "Oh stay, thou art so fair." Remember, tomorrow must bring its new fairness with it. Never try to hold to the dead yesterdays or unborn tomorrows. The flowing of the Now is like life itself, it is fatal to hold on to it.

If, therefore, we can perceive things as immortal Facts, eternal in Space, if we realize that man as an endless Fact is only deluding himself into the belief that he is a fragmentary creature, then we withdraw from life its greatest power to hurt us. The great disaster of destruction is only the falling back of forms into their natural elements,—thus we realize that nothing can be nor ever has been destroyed. Nothing can die, no one can die; body and spirit may be

separated, but the physical matter of that body goes back to its own primordial element, it is not destroyed. Only a pattern is broken up and the life that is within that form is indestructible and has as its great potential power the ability to create forms forever. The moment we know this, the moment we realize this, that same moment disaster ends as a belief in us, and ending there ends everywhere, for disaster is only a personal selfishness, an inadequate viewpoint of a Fact. If we can only get that realization it will build within us a strength and courage over which no disaster can have power. If we can realize with the Gita, the great Classic of India, "No man is slain and no man slayeth," then the pattern of disaster, our conviction of the significance of things as we see them, is broken up and with it the whole illusional structure of our reflexes. Disasters, so called, are motions in the Law of Life by which patterns are broken up. Nothing is destroyed but an outgrown pattern, and there is within Nature the infinite capacity to create new patterns; there is within Space the infinite capacity to project new forms, and there is within man as Spirit the infinite capacity to project himself as personality, age after age, millenium after millenium, toward the Real, toward final identification with the great principle of Universal Harmony.

This destroys within us, if we can accept it, the dream of death, the dream of destruction, the dream of separateness. "But there is," says the realist, "another disaster. Perhaps the man who has gone is still alive, but he has gone from his place and his time, and his place and his time needed him. He has left behind him a scar on his place and time." Let us see what happened to his place and time when that man went before what appeared to be his time. This man went out and died for his country, leaving behind him his family, leaving behind him his dream that could not be finished here; leaving behind him a condition in which his personal environment was seriously affected by his going; his children's future impaired by

the fact that their father would no longer work to provide education and opportunity; the security of the home endangered; the finances of those close to him threatened, a great personal tragedy regardless of whether he lives or does not live in some other plane beyond. What shall we do to put that disaster in order? How shall we see the Law working through that? Law working through broken hearts, reduced circumstances, lost privileges and lost opportunities? Law working through the eyes of the widow who must see her children less educated and less fortunate because their father is no longer there to provide for them and give to them a father's help and support; a dream and hope for the future gone, is this not tragedy? Is this not something for which the Law must find exception? Is this not a grievance against the Universe? Is there anything that anyone can do to bind up this pain of private loss, the suffering and sorrow of the lost companionship, the end of personal dreams and hopes? These things must find the healing that only time can bring, but they are only personal reactions to great Truths, and according to the Truth within the person who lives on will be determined the value of this circumstance.

What is the loss in terms of actual soul travail to those who live? What is the result to those children whose father could no longer provide the things they might have had? There again is the question of the Law. A very great philosopher said on one occasion, "That man favors us who takes something from us, and that man does us a scurvy ill who does something for us." Now we are all interested in having someone give us something. To us it does not look like a scurvy ill, it looks like a mighty nice thing to have happen. Yet how often are we destroyed by the things we have and saved by the things we have not. Supposing that father had lived and his business had flourished, he might have given to his children what the Greek philosopher called luxuriousness, luxuries. Someone asked the old Master how he would curse his enemy, and he said, "I will

curse no man, but had I the will to curse, I would curse him with the most horrible curse of all, and that is; May your sons have an easy living. If I wished to say something that would be the most perfect vengeance for the worst ill, I would say to that man, Bestow your wealth upon your children, let them inherit your goods. You can do no greater harm under any condition, because you have placed in the hands of man that which he has not earned, and there is not one in ten thousand who can survive that."

So life has been made very hard for someone by this one's going away, but perhaps it has been made very rich; maybe the struggle will make a greater soul and character than it otherwise would have been. Maybe the destiny of that pattern demanded not an easy living, but a struggle, a fight for strength. That which we do for others we do to our strength and their weakness. That which they do for themselves they do for their own strength. In this world we can save no one from himself, and we cannot prevent him from receiving the experience which is his own. We spend our lives thinking about the happiness of others and they are miserable. Happiness must be earned by the individual. It is the private pain of calamity and loss that must be transmuted by understanding into greater realization of Universal Realities. But as to the physical reaction from this loss, that physical reaction is again ruled and governed by Law, Law which is forever forcing the weakness of the weak back upon them, and drawing the strength of the strong out from them. There are no accidents in Space. It is not what happens to us, but it is the realization that we need what happens to us that brings Law out of chaos.

These things we need to know, and we need to think about them and to live with them. We need to realize these facts. These are the realizations which will accomplish that which Aesop says of the gods, "the drawing up of the lowly and the casting down of the great." The only thing that can bring peace into our world is to live in a world that is governed by pattern, and obey that pattern. There is no peace for man until the Laws of Space govern the actions of human beings, until they are recognized and accepted. Until we realize the meaning of the ancient fable that in the beginning men lived in a paradisiacal state under the will of the gods, then they made their own laws and fell, and only when they return again to complete and permanent acceptance of the fact of the Law of Universals will they live again and live in peace and bring to an end this chaos they have forced upon life.

Now let us study and learn these things, and try to make this great world condition through which we are passing a great, invaluable and enriching experience to us. When you think of it, whenever it has touched you in any way, try to find Law and order in it, and try to see through it the great Divine Pattern that is bringing the world about finally and inevitably to good. If we can realize that and see that, we can begin to realize what the world means as an educator of man. If we can understand these things it will help not only ourselves, but it will bring greater world understanding, because world understanding is your understanding, my understanding and the other man's understanding, and as we begin to know more and think more wisely, the result is that better world we dream of.

(A PUBLIC LECTURE BY MANLY PALMER HALL.)

Suggested reading: REINCARNATION: THE CYCLE OF NECESSITY; MAN: THE GRAND SYMBOL OF THE MYSTERIES; SELF-UNFOLDMENT; HEALING: THE DIVINE ART; THE GURU)



The Book Of The Dead

"This book is a great mystery. Let it never be learned by any stranger. Let no man or woman ever utter the words thereof. Let no eye behold it; let no ear hear it. Thou shalt not put it into the mouth of the multitude but only into thine and into that of the friend of thine hearth. Suffer no one of the common folk to see it. It shall provide food for the deceased in the underworld and for his soul also upon earth. It shall make him to live for ever and ever and no evil thing shall gain mastery over him."

FROM THE PYPYRUS OF THE ROYAL MOTHER,
NETCHEMET

THE surviving literature of ancient Egypt challenges the research student with a variety of problems. By far the larger number of papyrus rolls discovered to date consist of funeral texts, that is they deal principally with matters pertaining to death, the condition of the human being in the after life, and magical formulas to preserve the soul from the dangers of the transition from the world of the living to the abode of the blessed dead.

A few papyri of a scientific or literary nature are known, but even these are dominated in spirit by the psychology of the funerary texts. It would seem

that death and the gods exercised a curious fascination over the mind of Egypt. This is true not only of the books, but of the inscriptions on the walls of palaces and tombs. The tendency of Egyptian rulers to mutilate the historical records of their predecessors may account in part for the scarcity of records relating to profane history.

The Book of the Dead is a singularly unfortunate modern selection of a title to cover the principal nucleus of Egyptian literary remains. The reason for the designation is obvious, but the impression created is strangely inadequate. The text is dominated by a spirit of

transcendental magic. It is a guide to conduct in the world to come, and bears witness to the basic ethical convictions of the ancient Egyptians. Although usually buried with the dead, inscribed upon the walls of the tomb, or written upon the mummy cases and burial wrappings, the texts were equally important to the living. It may be assumed that the Book of the Dead was essentially a scripture inspiring to a life of virtue and equipping the believer to face his spiritual future with a good hope.

The Egyptians preserved the secrets of their religious philosophy so successfully that no satisfactory account of their theology, cosmogony or anthropology has descended to us. It may be assumed from the mortuary texts that the Egyptians possessed a highly organized, mystical and philosophical tradition. We must depend, however, upon later writings such as those of Plutarch for an explanation of the earlier doctrines. Religion was practiced in the form of state mysteries. These were celebrated under the oath of secrecy, and so complete was the veneration of the people that the required silence was never profaned.

The Rosetta Stone given to the world of scholarship by the foresight and insight of Napoleon I, unlocked the mysteries of the Egyptian language. It seemed for a moment that the veil had been torn from the old sanctuary, and it only remained to decipher the monuments. After the first enthusiasm had worn off, it became evident that the Rosetta Stone created several new difficulties for each of the old problems that it solved. Certain hieroglyphical groupings could be read but the psychological implications and overtones were lacking. In fact the Egyptologist is still without any adequate means of interpreting the life, beliefs, customs, and religions of the peoples inhabiting the valley and delta of the Nile.

For instance, what impelled the Egyptians to bury the Book Of The Dead with the remains of important persons? The manuscripts themselves differ widely, and with the passing of time, the texts were generally corrected. Only a

few of the most important papyri may be said to be even approximately complete. For the most part, the rolls contained extracts and fragments, and the extent of the manuscripts are in ratio with the wealth and importance of the deceased.

A papyrus such as that of the priest Ani, now in the British Museum, is a magnificent and elaborate production. The vignettes and scenes are vividly colored, and the representations of the Priest Ani are probably portraits. Such a scroll was undoubtedly prepared especially by the scribes of an important temple. More commonly, however, it would seem that the texts were prepared in quantity, possibly many temples maintained staffs of scribes whose principal duty was to write out funeral texts. The copies of various lengths and qualities of workmanship were available at all times and at a variety of prices. After the selection of an appropriate roll, the priest then inserted, in spaces left vacant for the purpose, the name and titles of the deceased. In some instances one or two figures representing the dead man or woman might also be added to the prepared form. The majority of the manuscripts were written in black ink although red may occur in a few places.

Was it assumed that the presence of this manuscript brought unusual comfort to the soul of the departed? Did the soul require the assistance of this book as a guide to deportment or as a source of certain prayers and incantations? In substance, was it the text that was useful or was it the mere presence of the roll that was indispensable?

Egypt shared with other ancient nations the practice of burying with the dead articles and utensils which would add comfort and convenience to the establishment which the deceased would set up in the other world. It is difficult to imagine that the Egyptians, a highly cultured people, could have believed that physical furniture could have been useful in the metaphysical sphere beyond the grave. Certainly they robbed their own tombs with enough regularity to demonstrate that the furnitures and fixtures remained useless in the sepulchre.

Let us go back a little into the records of primitive beliefs. Prior to the time when men believed in a heaven world somewhere in extradimensional vistas, they assumed that the dead continued their existence *under the ground*. The tomb itself was the house of the dead. Here the departed pursued the interests which had dominated him during life. Naturally friends and relatives desired the happiness of the departed one. If he had been a banker during life, he would require his scales and banking table when he awoke from the sleep of transition and, tidying up his tomb, resumed his usual activities. The warrior would feel lost without his weapons, his armor and perhaps his favorite horse. The aristocrat would require his best clothes, favorite ornaments, and likely enough a servant or two; therefore slaves might be buried with him. Almost anything which had been useful or important during life, from food to a favorite wife, would contribute to the well being of the illustrious departed.

The factor of propriety was also considered. A successful man could not be expected to face the abstract problems of eternity without the style to which he had previously been accustomed. Why should anyone labor for years to accumulate unless he can take with him the products of his endeavors? Incidentally, this question has not been entirely answered to the satisfaction of moderns. We are still afflicted with the morbid probability of departing empty handed from this vale of tears after devoting the best years of our lives to the improving of our material estate.

Somewhere, sometime, a new dimension was added to man's perspective toward the after life. If the deceased became a spirit then he required not material, but spiritual furniture to comfort him in his new abode. Chairs and tables and chariots and various utensils and implements, though in themselves inanimate, also had spirit forms. These could be released by a symbolical method of killing the object. When a primitive American Indian of the southwest died, his favorite bowl might be placed

beside him in the grave, but first a round piece was knocked out of the bottom of the bowl so that it was no longer serviceable for any material use. In this way, it was killed; its spirit was released to go with its owner into the ghost world. One of the reasons why so many trinkets and remains found in ancient graves are mutilated is because they were "killed." This is an important phase of primitive magic.

It is impossible to dogmatize at this late date about the motives and circumstances which led ultimately to the discontinuance of the early custom of burying the belongings of the dead in the tomb of their recent owner. If human nature was the same long ago as it is today utility may have dictated a reforming policy. Good furniture, fine raiment and costly jewels were of greater use to the living than to the dead; why deprive survivors of their rightful heritage and lock a variety of valuable belongings in the oblivion of the tomb? Why, again, so load these vaults with treasures that grave robbers were tempted to desecrate the tombs and disturb the rest of the hallowed dead?

To meet this change of viewpoint and still supply the deceased with the luxuries befitting his estate, it became fashionable to substitute models for the original articles. This also allowed a much wider variety of objects to be enclosed in the vault; miniature houses, ships, and whole retinues of diminutive clay dolls brought their spirits to the tomb; flocks of clay sheep, little wooden chairs and tables, reasonable facsimiles of jewels and implements were stored away to become the wealth of the dead.

During the dynastic periods in Egypt, these small models, including representations of the deceased himself, gods and godlings, and symbols of hope and immortality, were ranged with lavish profusion in the chambers of the tomb. In the case of the Pharaoh or other persons of exceptional prominence, actual treasures were sealed in the tombs. For the rest, the models and figurines served the same purpose, rejoicing the spirit

which awoke from the sleep of death to find itself in an accustomed and congenial environment.

The Egyptians did not mummify all of their dead. This dignity was reserved for persons of wealth and quality. The population in general followed the primitive practice of interring bodies in a circular hole of no great depth. The body was placed in the opening with the knees drawn up under the chin, either seated or lying on one side; the posture symbolized the position of the embryo in the womb, for the grave, which marked the end of mortal life, was the place of rebirth into the heaven world beyond. Thus the tomb became the symbol of the womb.

As time went on, either changes in the religious temper of the people, or that curious indifference which marks the descent of funerary rituals, resulted in further modification in the burial rites. The miniature objects and utensils were no longer prepared with great care. Apparently it was enough merely to indicate the nature of the object represented. The soul of the deceased found comfort not in the small models but in their spirits, and it was not necessary to devote much time to the little objects themselves. Apparently a crude chair had just as good a spirit as a finely molded replica. It was only the power of the chair itself that survived. By magic, incantation and ritual, the crude clay representation could be endowed with all the qualities necessary, so the model gradually gave place to the picture which was a magic form on paper or papyrus. The picture, in turn, was modified into a word, which gave the same sense of security to its late owner. He enjoyed reading the list of his earthly belongings just as much as their actual presence.

A friend of mine who had devoted some years to research in Egypt told me that even the Book Of The Dead might be represented in the tomb by a miniature roll of blank papyrus made into the usual shape and therefore symbolizing the Book. It does not appear, however, that this modification attained universal popularity. Some of the scrolls are so

badly done that they are little more than symbols of the actual work.

At this time there is not enough information available to clarify entirely the status of the Book Of The Dead in the life of the old Egyptians. Professor Breasted, the most distinguished Egyptologist, told me that he was convinced that this Book contained the ritual of a sacred drama performed by the living in the secrecy of the ancient temples. He justified his remarks by saying that he had personally examined the manuscripts of this work which had been marginated with prompter's marks and notes indicating entrances and exits. The ritual was evidently part of the primitive mask cult. When a priest, or even a consecrated layman, put on the mask or likeness of one of the gods he became, by virtue of the magic of sympathy, identical with that god. The various persons of the Egyptian dramatic ritual put on the masks, crowns and regalia of the divinities and carried the symbols associated with these divine beings. Immediately these priestly actors became the very gods they represented, which accounts for descriptions found in old writings in which initiates in the State Mysteries declare that they had been in the presence of the gods and had conversed with them.

It should not be supposed that these masked priests were party to an imposture or deceit. The supplicants were fully aware that human beings were wearing the masks, but they were also convinced that the wearer was united to the gods, was possessed by the gods, and by a mystical trans-substantiation, might bestow the virtues of the gods.

The Pyramid texts are early inscriptions, largely incantations, discovered on the walls of the royal tomb of the Fifth and Sixth Dynasties at Sakkara. These inscriptions are the oldest source of our knowledge about the funeral magic of Egypt. The inscriptions have been translated, but the translations are now regarded with certain reservations. Gradually, over a long period of time covering an interval of nearly three thousand years, fragments of prayers, incantations, magic rites, mystic symbolism

and abstract philosophical notions flowed from diverse sources into a common repository or reservoir of literary remains, the conglomerate mass we know as *The Book Of The Dead*. The texts abound in repetitions, and there are not a few discrepancies. Different chapters and verses have widely different origins in terms of both place and time, and a variety of psychological elements are mingled in what appears to be hopeless confusion. *The Book Of The Dead* accumulated, gained prestige and importance as it became more obviously a monument of ancient times. We normally invest antiquity with an aura of prestige. A thing that is old is rare; that which is rare is valuable and highly prized; gradually origins are forgotten and the work itself emerges as an indisputable authority supported by an antiquity of tradition.

No people as highly civilized and as intellectually mature as the Egyptians could fail to recognize the necessity of clarifying its own traditions. Between the Eighteenth and Twentieth Dynasty, the Egyptians seemed to have attempted to edit and revise their *Book Of The Dead*. This revision is called *The Theban Recension*. The manuscripts continue to differ in contents, but this difference takes the form of omissions from a dominant text. It seems therefore, that a prime text had been drawn up and decided upon. This approved version became the source of the manuscripts by various priests. The text could be and was abridged in various ways, but these abridgements do not represent versions but extractions from a dominant version. The Recension brought conflict to an end, eliminated repetition, and changed the status of the whole work. It was no longer a basket of fragments. It was now a Book with the required elements of a scriptural writing, form, uniformity, and conformity.

In the Saite period, the *Book of the Dead* consisted of 165 Chapters or sections. It is not yet certain that this collection represented the entire work, and no texts exist in which all the sections appear in a single manuscript. It

is necessary here to diverge slightly in order to understand the religious convictions of the Egyptians. Without this understanding the peculiar structure of the *Book Of The Dead* is virtually incomprehensible.

Egypt emerged into the historical period as a nation made up of previously independent tribes and provinces. These original divisions, though bound into an empire, retained their internal individuality and independence. This independence endured to the time of the conquest by the Romans. Each of the ancient provinces had its own pantheon of gods and priesthoods to administer the rituals and ceremonies. The forty-two provinces are called *nomes*, and each had a patron deity. It was a peculiar system, for the supreme god of one province was a subordinate divinity in other provinces. Sometimes, through marriage or conquest, divinities enlarged their spheres of influence as in the case of Ra and Osiris whose increasing popularity was due to the enlarged sphere of influence gained by their votaries.

Actually, therefore, Egypt never had a unified religion, and the faith cannot be reduced to any basic pattern. There were many supreme gods, one for each nome, and the theologies were as numerous as the districts. In matters of cosmogony there was so much confusion that while certain general beliefs were widely held, there was infinite diversity in all detailed particulars. It does not appear that the Egyptians ever attempted to formalize their faith. The only way that the conflict can be circumvented is to select a dominant religious group and assume that this is representative of the entire. This is satisfactory in general, but is not susceptible of examination in detail.

For instance, it has never been settled satisfactorily as to whether Egypt followed a monotheistic or pantheistic faith. Certainly there were many gods, but it is quite conceivable that each of the *nomes* practiced monotheism, that is, recognized one supreme deity. This provincial monotheism became a state pantheism as the power of the central

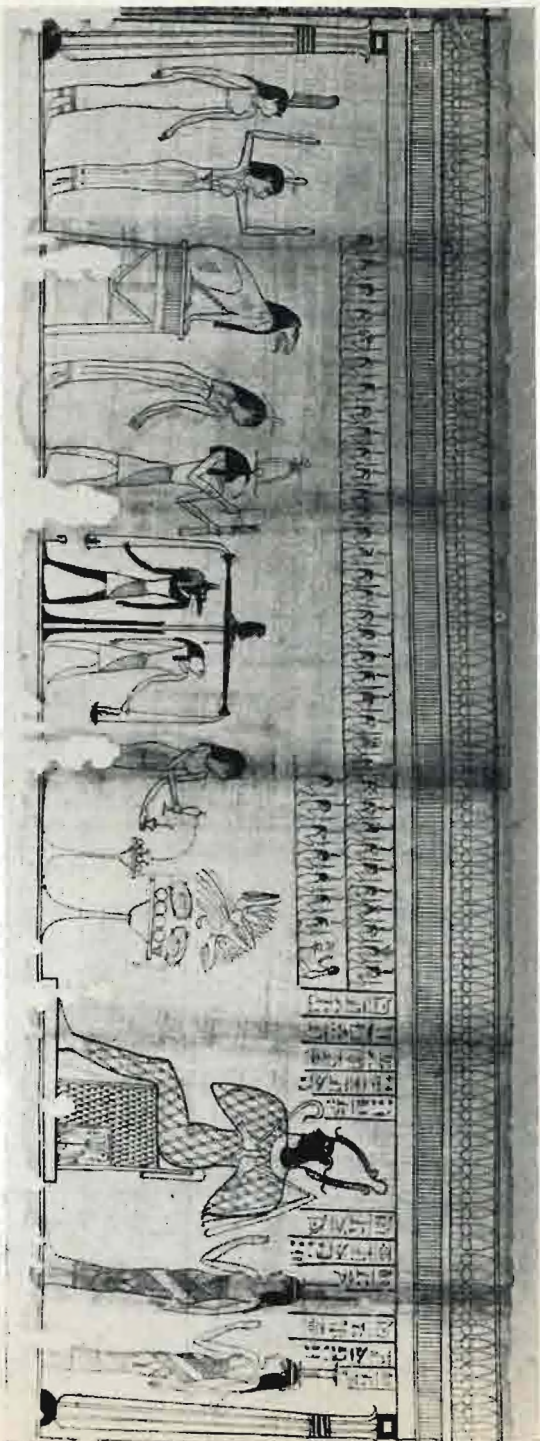


FIGURE 1. THE PSYCHOSTASIA:

The Priestess Ta-er-Pet enters into the presence of the great god Osiris and the 42 jurors to make the recitation of the 42 negative articles of the Confession of Faith. She is weighed in the balance and found true. She adores the great god in the Hall of the Twin Truths, and is sanctified unto him as a soul in Osiris.

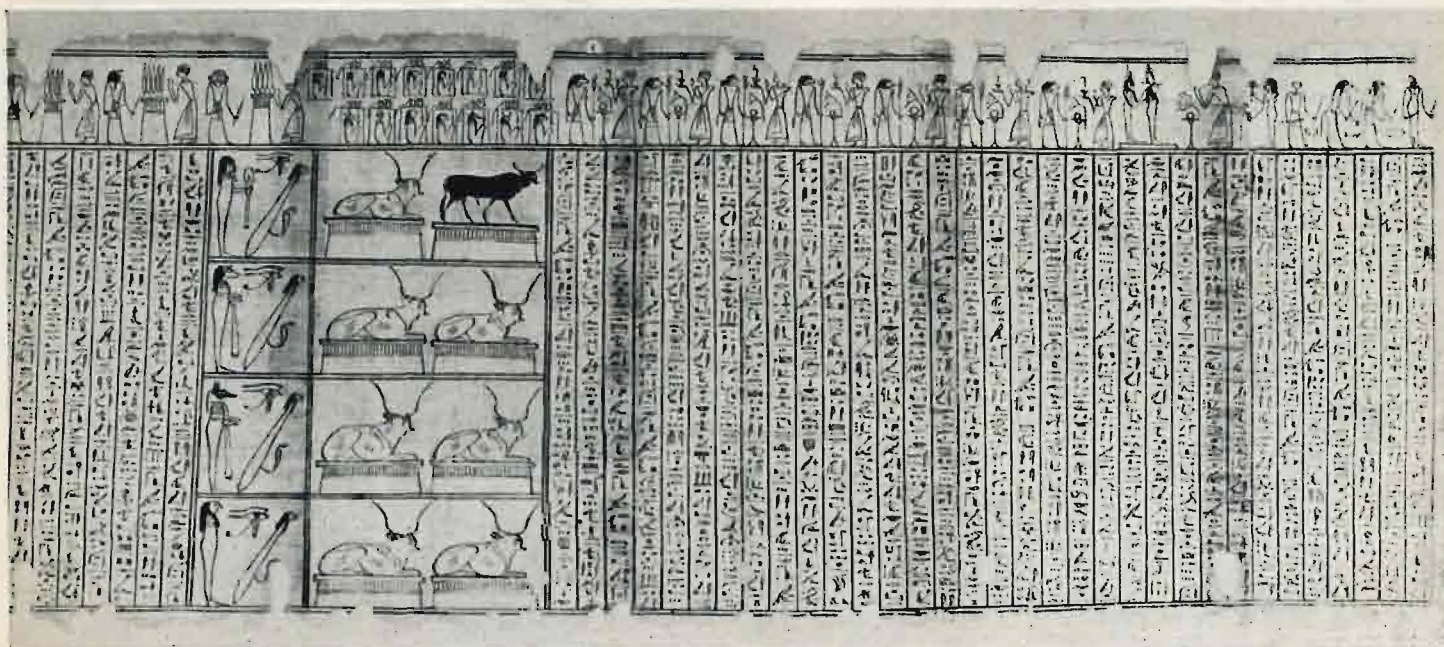


FIGURE 2. A LEAF OF TEXT WITH VIGNETTES

The upper frieze that extends throughout most of the papyrus is a panorama of a funerary ritual depicting priests, gods, mourners, representations of the mummy of the deceased, and symbols and implements relating to the Egyptian religion.

Figure 3. ANOTHER SECTION OF THE PAPYRUS OF TA-ER-PET
The frieze continues along the top depicting mythological monsters, spirits and genii. There is a door beyond which are the ships which carry souls across the waters that divide the living from the dead. The vignette at the left includes scenes from the entombment and the gods in the drawing at the right are Horus and Thoth, guarding the Gates of the Four Winds.

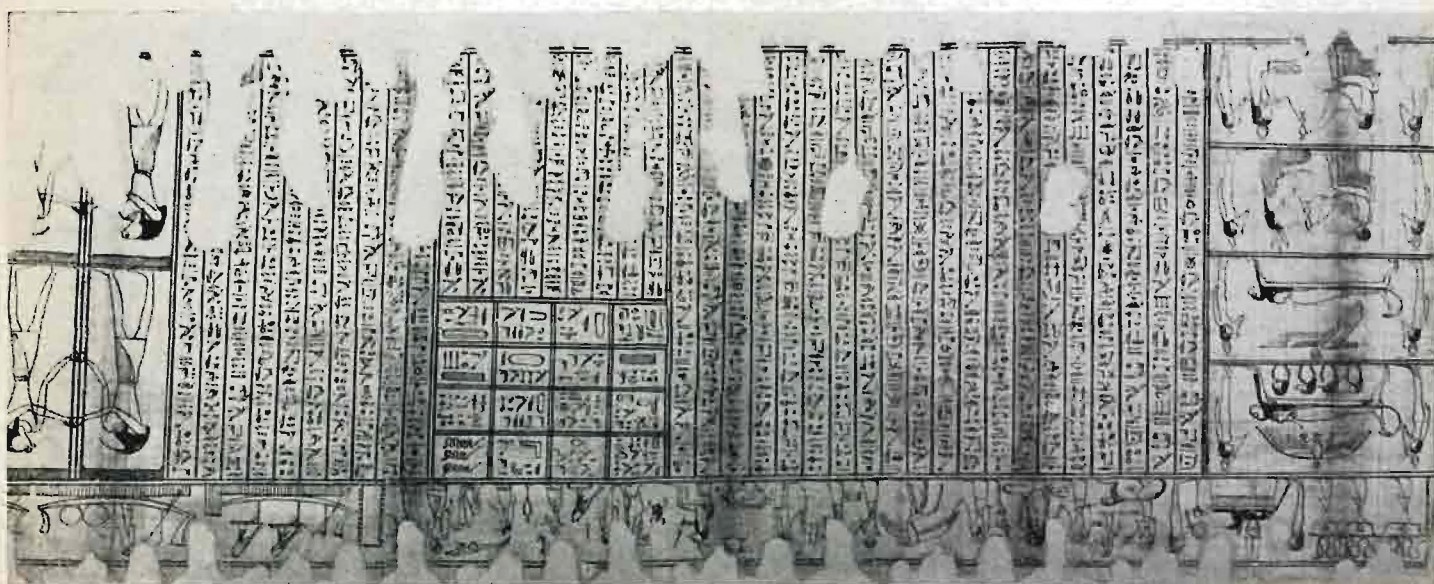




FIGURE 4. REVERSE OF PAPYRUS SHOWING PANEL OF MAGICAL CHARMS

This unique inscription consists of the substitution of drawn figures for actual objects usually buried in the tomb for magical purposes. The various designs are accompanied with descriptive symbols, apparently it was intended that this writing should protect the soul of the deceased in the other world supplying the weapons necessary to combat the demons and placate the guardians of the various spheres. No other tablet of this kind is known to exist.



Osiris Lord of Amenti

dynasty grew. Egyptian democracy included a democracy of divinities, a theological form of state rights.

In the Book Of The Dead, the soul of the deceased is judged by a jury of forty-two divinities, and these may be related to the principal gods of the forty-two provinces, each of whom has a seat on the supreme council, and is judge over one of the forty-two divisions of the Negative Confession of Faith. This Negative Confession is the code of Egyptian morality and ethics and it is interesting that it should be divided into the same number of parts as the empire itself.

Egypt gradually came under the influence of the religious beliefs of neighboring cultures and civilizations. In addition, therefore, to the indigenous

gods there were a number of foreign deities partly assimilated into the various local pantheons. For a detailed consideration of this problem the reader is referred to "The Gods of the Egyptians" by Sir A. E. Wallis Budge.

The most popular deity of the Egyptians was the god Osiris. It appears that originally he was the local divinity of the province of Busiris. As the distinguished Egyptologist Mariette Bey has pointed out, this deity is seldom referred to in inscription prior to the 6th Dynasty. By the 12th Dynasty, Osiris was fully established as Lord of the World of the Dead, and by the 18th Dynasty, his cult reached a place of dominance in the spiritual life of the Egyptian people. It would not be correct to say, however, that in all the provinces he was accorded equal honors.

Osiris is certainly a form of the universal Savior Divinity. He combines both human and divine attributes, and it was believed that in a remote time he had ruled over Egypt as a divinity king. Though by nature a god, he was born into the physical world to become a benefactor of humanity. He taught his people the mysteries of agriculture and instructed them in the use of the sacred water of the Nile. It was Osiris who designed the elaborate system of canals, irrigation ditches, and set up the laws for the equal distribution of the water. He devised an instrument to measure the inundations; this is called the Nilometer, and because of its shape this device was identified with a cross of life. The good Osiris brought peace and order to his kingdom, and then accompanied by a vast retinue of physical heroes and divine creatures, he journeyed forth to convert the whole world to ways of peace and honor.

The powers of evil in the form of Typhon conspired against Osiris and finally destroyed him. He died the death of a mortal being, and was buried in the tomb. But after three days he rose from the dead to become the judge of the living and the dead. He rose, however, not as a mortal, but as a spirit, and as a spirit appeared to his sister widow Isis. This goddess conceived of

the holy spirit and brought forth a son by an immaculate conception. This son was named Horus. He was a widow's son, and in him Osiris himself returned to the world. There is a question as to whether Horus was identical with his own father, but certainly Osiris dwelt in him, and through him performed the great work of salvation. Horus assembled the army of the elect which is called The Army of the Sons of the Golden Hawk. In the last great war the followers of Horus overcome the evil legions under Typhon and restore the golden age.

Osiris then, is the dying god, the world sacrifice, the pledge of righteousness. He is usually represented with his body wrapped in mummy cloths signifying death and the grave. But from the mummified body emerges the head, shoulders and arms of the living god. At a fairly early date Osiris was identified with the soul of the world and of nature. He was life imprisoned in form; vitality, mysteriously locked in the dark shell of substance. He was the germ in the seed that can not live again unless it dies. Some writers believe that his cult originated among an agricultural people and that the god himself represented growing grain. There is at least one figure of the deity known in which he is shown with his body entirely covered with sprouting plants.

It was part of Egyptian ritual that the dead were immediately identified with Osiris. When a man died, his old identity ceased and his spiritual nature which survived the grave was referred to simply as Osiris. This adds considerable confusion to the mortuary texts, for the deceased person always speaks as Osiris, and may address the god as Osiris to Osiris.

The soul or spirit double of the human being was called a Ka and the hieroglyph for it was in the form of upraised hands. This Ka was strangely dependent upon physical conditions even after it had departed from the mortal life. It required food, and depended for its happiness upon rites and ceremonies by the living. The Ka was also sorely distressed if his tomb was vio-

lated. Severe penalties imposed for the desecration of tombs would indicate that grave robbery was common, and constituted a distinct problem among the ancient Egyptians.

We have already mentioned the various articles buried with the dead to comfort the estate of the Ka. To the previous description may be added the *ushebt*-figures. These were little images from one inch to twelve or fourteen inches in height. They were made of wood, clay, or faience, and in design resembled small mummies. These little figures were usually inscribed with prayers and magical formulas. Several hundred might be placed in a single tomb. When the Ka required any labors to be performed which were distasteful to it, it could call upon the souls of the *ushebt*, and these, like obliging little gnomes, would hasten to accomplish the necessary task.

The Ka required numerous rituals performed by surviving relatives and friends to assure its security. Failing to receive this assistance, it might become vengeful and punish those who failed to perform their duties. Like the Christian soul in purgatory, the Ka needed the consolation of its faith, and the Egyptian equivalent of the mass for the dead.

Before the Ka could enter the Place of Peace, the Amenti, or Elysian Fields, it must stand in judgment before the god Osiris in the great Hall of the Twin Truths. Here the Lord of Aalu, seated upon a throne, and surrounded by attendant divinities and the jurors, listened to the Negative Confession which was spoken by the heart of Osiris the deceased. If the soul was justified by its own works, it might then proceed into the green pastures watered by the celestial Nile. Here, according to the older version, the soul dwelt in eternal tranquility as one of the blessed Osiris dead. The occupations of the soul were similar to its earthly activities, but there was no longer any pain or disappointment or suffering.

If the soul failed in the last judgment, its fate was uncertain. The Egyptians did not seem to have any clear picture

of the condition of so-called lost souls. Some writers are of the opinion that the unworthy were devoured by a deity with the head of a crocodile and the body of a sow. Such divinity is invariably present in the scenes representing the last judgment, but its actual duties are unknown. The Egyptian had no conception of tortures or punishments in the after life. It has been suggested that failure in the court of Osiris resulted in the second death. The Osiris dead perished again, that is, the soul died and returned to oblivion. If the second death resulted in the annihilation of the Ka, this may account for the absence of any further details about the subject.

In the sphere of mystical speculation the crocodile-sow goddess is believed to represent the material world. If so, the soul may be swallowed up again in matter, that is, reborn in the physical condition. This would imply that the Egyptians accepted the doctrine of rebirth. The point is of interest, but actual proof is lacking.

From these notes we are now equipped to interpret, in part at least, the symbolism of the Book Of The Dead which is concerned with the circumstances occupying the period of time between the moment of decease and the final appearance of the Osirified soul before the god in the Hall of the Twin Truths. This transition was a most complicated affair, and required familiarity with various prayers, invocations, hymns, magical words and mortuary rites. Wealth and position seemed to have complicated this after-death adventure. The rich and the powerful required elaborate instruction, but a few simple fragments of advice sufficed for the poor and lowly. Perhaps these latter had to depend on their own wits or were peculiarly favored in the after life to compensate for their lack of material advantages. In these details the Egyptians were not so different from the followers of more modern faiths. The cost of dying has always been in proportion to the means available.

It was during the later Saite period that the mortuary rituals known as the

Book Of The Dead received a name in Egypt by which the manuscripts should be known today. The entire corpus was called *The Book of the Opening of the Mouth and the Coming Forth By Day*. The meaning was obvious; the soul which abides by the laws set forth in the manuscript does not wander in darkness; rather it dies with good hope and goes forth in the light of truth. Darkness signifies ignorance, day represents light, the light of the mind, and the light of the soul. To go forth by day is to abide in the light.

Although there are a number of fine papyrus rolls of the Book Of The Dead, the most celebrated examples are available only in European museums. Smaller collections of early writings and private libraries are usually limited to fragments. The Egyptian government will not permit any antiquities bearing texts to be exported from the country. Occasionally an exception is made when a better example of the exact text is already in the national collection. Probably this is because there is a growing conviction that the mysteries of Egyptian writing have not yet been completely solved, and fragments now regarded as comparatively unimportant may in the future prove immensely valuable.

We are therefore extremely fortunate in having an almost complete manuscript of this valuable sacred writing in the Library of our Society. We say almost complete because, as in nearly all known examples, there is a certain amount of deterioration due to age. As these manuscripts were rolled into the cloths bound around the mummy, the gums and spices used in embalming affected the papyrus, especially the outer parts of the roll. With the exception of this type of damage, the manuscript is complete. It is written in the almost imperishable black ink of Egypt upon a good grade of papyrus. It is approximately ten inches wide and twenty-three and a half feet long. From its size we realize that it contains only extracts from the larger corpus of chapters. The manuscript in Turin which is similar in style extends to a length of 165 feet. Here is the evidence that the size

of the manuscript was determined by the importance of the person for whom it was made.

We are fortunate, however, in the fact that our papyrus is illustrated with many vignettes and hundreds of small figures forming a panorama of the mortuary ritual extending along the top of the papyrus. There are a few rubrications in dull brick colored red, and the lines of the scribe's original sketches in red are still visible in the groups of larger figures.

Like most Egyptian manuscripts of importance, this papyrus has passed through a number of collections. In 1909 it was in the MacGregor collection and was described in part by Jean Capart in *ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR ÄGYPTISCHE SPRACHE UND ALTERTUMSKUNDE* mit unterstützung der Deutschen Morgenlandischen Gesellschaft Leipzig, 1908-09, pp., 14-21.

On June 26, 1922, it was part of the MacGregor collection at the auction galleries of Southeby & Company, London, possibly the world's most celebrated dispenser of rare books. At the Southeby sale it was acquired by William Permain to become part of the collection of William Randolph Hearst. When Mr. Hearst disposed of a large part of his collection of antiquities in New York three years ago, the papyrus was purchased by Mr. Earnest Dawson from whom we secured it almost immediately.

In its present form the papyrus has been divided into nine sections. These sections have been mounted to add strength, and are enclosed in rectangular glass frames.

This papyrus differs from all other known examples in one important particular. On the reverse of one of the sections is a panel of writing and figures comprising seventy four amulets arranged in columns. This list of amulets presents an interesting problem which we will discuss later in this article.

Our papyrus was written about 600 B. C. and was prepared for a priestess named Ta-er-Pet. Unfortunately we will probably never know anything about this venerable woman except that

she died in the consolation of her faith and enjoyed the benefit of a rather nice manuscript to direct her wanderings on the threshold of the future life. She was evidently a person of consequence, for her portrait appears in the manuscript, and there does not seem to be any evidence of the crowding and overlapping of figures or inscriptions which occurs in manuscripts commercially prepared in advance. It seems that the papyrus was prepared especially for her. The writing is excellent in quality, the drawing shows spirit, and we may assume that the scribe was a man of importance, and the circumstances justified a work of quality.

It is appropriate that this papyrus should have a name so that it can be included among works of its kind with a proper identity. Usually these old writings derive their name first from some important person associated with their discovery or translation, but importance is relative and distinction is fleeting and in the end the majority of the old rolls come to be designated by the name of the person for whom they were originally prepared. We suggest, therefore, that this Book Of The Dead be officially known hereafter as the Papyrus of Ta-er-Pet.

Generally speaking it is not profitable to translate copies of The Book Of The Dead except for very critical reasons. One of the standard versions from the more complete rolls serves the purposes of the average scholar. Those interested in the text should therefore consult *The Book Of The Dead* by Sir Wallace Budge who has given a complete translation of the magnificent papyrus of Ani in the British Museum. The greater interest lies in the illustrations which often show important variation, and in the case of our papyrus, the collection of amulets and related matters on the reverse.

With this article we are reproducing three sections from the papyrus of Ta-er-Pet, sections 4, 6, and 7, according to the present division. We are also reproducing the important panel of amulets from the reverse, as this panel

is not readily available to students of Egyptology.

The most dramatic and best known illustrations in the Book Of The Dead is that which represents the Psychostasia, see Figure 1. Here is represented the weighing of the conscience, the last judgment. The setting is the Hall of the Twin Truths, bordered at the extreme ends by the two columns which uphold the elaborate canopy of the roof. In the upper part of the central scene are the forty-two jurors, each with an appropriate mask or symbol. The soul of the lady Ta-er-Pet kneels before the jurors at the right of the second row. Between her and the gods is an altar of offerings.

The persons of the drama in the large central scene in order from left to right are as follows: The First figure is the goddess Maat; her name is the Egyptian word for truth, and also the word for ostrich plume; she is the goddess of justice and law and wears the hieroglyphic of the plume as her crown adornment. In most instances Maat is pictured with a bandage over her eyes. This symbolism has extended to modern times; it is customary to represent justice as blindfolded to indicate that the law cannot be influenced by external appearances. In our manuscript Maat is figured without an eye to convey the same meaning. The second figure is that of the priestess Ta-er-Pet wearing a linen skirt, and with her arms raised in the form of the hieroglyphic of the Ka—the soul. Here we have an instance of a human figure in the posture of a symbol which, in turn is the form of a glyph. The posture tells us that this is the soul of Ta-er-Pet. She has become Osiris, and her Ka is entering the hall of judgment.

Upon a high altar, possibly intended to be a hieroglyphic of a tomb sits the old monster, the Crocodile-Sow, believed to represent the power of evil, the devil's advocate, she who awaits to devour the unrighteous. The form of this deity differs somewhat in various manuscripts but always a composite creature is suggested. Earlier Egyptologists believed this monster to be a form of

Typhon whose plots in ancient times brought about the death of the good Osiris.

The Eater of the Dead, the goddess Am-mit, is described in the papyrus of Hu-nefer as composed of three creatures. The forepart of her body is a crocodile, the hind part a hippopotamus, and the middle part, a lion. Thus it appears that the Devourer differs in detail of design according to the fancy of the artist and the period of the writing.

The fourth figure represents Ta-er-Pet bowing to the god Thoth. There is a red underdrawing here indicating that the artist had originally intended to represent the priestess with a full skirt. Does this mean he considered the possibility of depicting the priestess in male attire because she was now Osiris, or does it suggest that the manuscript was originally intended for another person? I am inclined to the former notion, because similar red underdrawing is present in a number of neutral scenes.

The fifth figure is that of the god Thoth wearing the crown of the North adorned with ram's horns. Thoth wears also the mask of the ibis, the bird always associated with him. He carries in his right hand a writing tablet and in his left a sharp instrument, a brush or stylus. These are his usual emblems, for he was dignified as the scribe of the gods and the Lord of the writing tablet. Upon his tablet were inscribed the words, "That which has been will be, I have spoken." The figure of Thoth is very well delineated, and he is present to record the findings of the divine jurors. He is the keeper of the Book Of Life in which he writes the names of the blessed souls who have merited the after-life. Thoth is the reputed author of the Book Of The Dead, and his spirit is the writer of all that has been written by all of the wise of all times. Thoth is the personification of wisdom and of the memory that knows all things.

The next group consists of two deities, Anubis, the jackal headed and a figure probably representing Horus,—the golden hawk. Between them rises the central support of the great scales, and on the beam above sits the cyno-

cephalous ape, the genius of just weights and measures. He is seated squarely in the center to preserve the balance and faces Osiris. Anubis is the guardian of the souls of the dead. He is also the guide who conducts the deceased through the various passageways of the underworld. He is a benevolent deity who brings the dead in kindness to the house of Osiris. Horus may be present in the capacity of the intermediary. He pleads with his father for the souls of the blessed dead. He is Osiris, reborn of sacrifice, ever tender toward the frailties of mankind, ever forgiving and interceding for the weakness of the flesh.

The scales themselves end in small pans. In the left pan rests a small urn representing the heart of the priestess Ta-er-Pet. It is the lips of the heart that speak the confession of faith, and as each of the forty-two negative statements of belief is given, the judges watch the balance which will shift its weight if any untruth is spoken. The opposite pan of the scale contains a small seated figure of the goddess Maat, identified by her ostrich plume. The heart, therefore is weighed against justice, and its words are weighed against truth.

We have mentioned the Negative Confession. This term has been applied because all of the statements are expressed in negative terms and are addressed in turn to the forty-two judges. For example: "O Amsu, I have not been angry without reason. O Basti, I have not caused tears. O Hower of Timbers, I have not murdered. O Consumer of Shadows, I have not robbed."

We may infer that the deceased priestess has passed the test successfully, for she appears again at the right of the scales bearing in her hands vessels of offerings. One urn contains a liquid which she is pouring upon an altar and the other is an incense burner, according to Budge, from which rises what may be intended to represent a curved thread of smoke. To the right of the small altar is a larger table piled high with offerings of food and flowers. Obviously, these are spirit gifts. In some manuscripts four images representing the sons

of Horus stand amidst the offerings. The four circles in our version may have the same meaning.

Facing the altar and seated upon a throne is the god Osiris, Lord of the Plains of Aalu. He wears the white crown of Upper Egypt ornamented with ostrich plumes, and the crown is adorned with the curled horns of the ram. Osiris carries the *hek* and the *nekhekh*, the shepherd's crook and the scourge. The crook is the ideogram of the word meaning *to rule*. Somewhere this symbolism ties in with the legends of the Shepherd Kings and signifies the priestly office of rulership. The Pharaoh was the shepherd of men, and Osiris was the shepherd of souls. The scourge represents temporal authority over the bodies and persons of the governed. The Egyptians interpreted these symbols to mean *restraint*—the crook—and *inciting to progress*—the scourge.

The face of Osiris is black and he wears the ceremonial beard. The dark face indicates that he is god of the Underworld, and regent of the dead. Darkness conveyed to the Egyptian the quality of being concealed or difficult to know, obscure, or secret. The body of Osiris is bound with mummy wrappings as a further indication of his association with the funerary rites. The peculiar formation which appears to be the back of the chair is worth noting. Perhaps no special symbolism is implied, but the regalia of the Priest King included the tail of a lioness. It may be that the design hieroglyphically conventionalized is meant to suggest this ritualistic appendage.

Behind Osiris are two female figures representing the sister goddesses Isis and Nephthys. Each of these deities wears her ideogram as a head dress. The headdress of Isis is the empty throne chair of her murdered husband Osiris, and the headdress of Nephthys is a house with an extending roof. These two goddesses wept at the bier of Osiris, and are nearly always present standing behind the god in representation of the Psychostasia. They are probably present as mourners, for the souls of the dead



Isis and the Infant Horus

rejoice in receiving sympathy and consolation in the great hour of trial.

Following an appropriate rule evolved by Egyptologists, the deceased person, having become Osiris, must in some way be distinguished from the god for purposes of description and explanation. This is done by combining the word Osiris with the first letter of the name of the deceased. The priestess Ta-er-Pet, in the ritual therefore, becomes Osiris T.

There can be no doubt that the great judgment scene has a profound mystical significance. After the death of the personality, the deceased person ceases to bear the name which belonged to the body. The ritual is the quest of the over-self. In the most hidden parts of man dwells his own reality, his eternal being, his real self. This hidden spiritual nature is Osiris. The death of the god describes the imprisonment of the spiritual self in the world of material illusion. Osiris T, the deceased, is the personality, a psychological complex, produced by the experiences of material life. After death, the personality goes in search of its real self. If it is worthy, by nature, to discover itself, the person-

ality is then identified with its own divine nature and becomes Osirified. If the personality be unworthy by his own temperament to know the mysteries of the self, then it wanders in vain, and ultimately perishes. Whether the personality survives or not, the great self, Osiris, continues unchanged and sends forth other personalities. This process continues until a personality is created that is capable of experiencing conscious union with the over-self. This union bestows immortality upon the personality which then becomes an incarnation of the god. These incarnations are the elect, the blessed sons of the light, the initiates of the mysteries.

The ritual, therefore, is an experience in consciousness. The individual approaches his own universal. He seeks his hidden father in the house of the secret places. The Egyptians believed firmly that the personality can survive only when it is united in consciousness with its own principle. The world of the blessed is not actually a place, but a state of being. Those who are united with their own spiritual selves abide in peace. The Plains of Aalu symbolize the condition of internal tranquility. Unless the personality can attain to the realization of its own divinity and unite its own soul with the world soul, it cannot abide in its father's house.

Figure 2 is a typical section from our papyrus. The upper frieze consists principally of priestly figures supplicating the gods and presenting offerings. The large central vignette divided into eight compartments presents points of special interest. The four larger rectangles contain eight animals upon pedestals resembling tombs; these are the seven white kine and the black bull, and the design usually forms a vignette of the chapter of the Book of the Dead entitled *The Chapter of Providing the Deceased with Food in the Underworld*. In the papyrus of Nu, the deceased addresses the seven kine and the bull by name saying, "Hail, ye cows and bull, grant ye cakes, and ale, and offerings of food, to the Osiris Nu, and supply ye him with food."

The black bull may be Mnevis whose worship centered in Heliopolis, the city of the sun. Mnevis was a form of the Sun-god Ra, and the panels represent one spiritual power and seven bodies or shadows of that power. Perhaps the meaning is astronomical, or more likely, it is the spiritual self and the seven bodies of the self recognized by the Egyptians in their division of the metaphysical constitution of the human being.

The four smaller panels at the left contain the figures of the Sons of Horus, each accompanied by an all-seeing eye. With each of the Sons of Horus appears a curious symbol probably intended to represent the rudder of a ship. The rudders are symbolical of the four cardinal points of the heavens and each in turn according to its direction is addressed by the deceased in this form: "Hail, thou beautiful Power, thou beautiful rudder of the northern heaven." If the words are correctly spoken the god Ra shall become a rudder to guide the soul through the mysteries of the Disk, that is, the heavenly sphere.

Figure 3 helps to clarify our understanding of the arrangement of the contents of the tomb. At the left are four rectangular frames containing scenes. The upper rectangle shows the mummy lying upon the iron couch. Above is the bird of the soul, the Bennu, or Egyptian Phoenix, symbol of immortality. Under the couch are the four canopic jars, each with its appropriate genie represented on the lid.

From left to right the masks of the jar lids are as follows: first, Kebhoius-nuf, guardian of the liver and gall-bladder, with the head of a hawk; second, Snouf, protector of the heart and lungs pictured with the head of a jackal; Hapi, custodian of the small intestines, depicted with the head of a cynocephalous ape; and fourth, Amset, into whose keeping was entrusted the stomach and the large intestines; he is represented with the head of a man.

Directly beneath this figure is another showing the mummy lying upon the couch while above it hovers the human headed hawk, a symbol of the soul of

the deceased. The lower designs show offerings made, possibly to the soul of the dead person.

The frieze of this panel contains a number of interesting symbols and is typical of manuscripts of the Saite period. There are gods, priests, and various symbols, prominent among which are the ships that carry the soul across the River of Death (upper right).

The large illustration at the right shows the two deities Thoth and Horus. The upper panel is duplicated below with the deities reversed.

The large illustration at the right appears to be a variant of the vignette for the chapter of the Book of the Dead, entitled, *The Chapter of Forcing an Entrance into Heaven*. In the papyrus of Neferuben-f, the god Thoth is represented opening the Doors of the Four Winds. In our manuscript Thoth and Horus perform this task. The Doors are referred to as the four entrances into heaven. This leaf shows clearly the deterioration due to decomposition of the papyrus.

Figure 4 is the reverse of one of the panels showing the important selection of magical charms and figures by virtue of which this manuscript is unique. In explaining this panel, we will have reference to Jean Capart's article in the *Aeg Zeitschrift* mentioned earlier.

The list of amulets is partly bordered with sections of chapters 7, 8, 15, and 17 of the Book Of The Dead. The list of amulets "is disposed in regular squares placed in vertical columns of five amulets. The scribe gives first the name of the amulet, then the design of the accompanying amulet, and then the number. The squares that are sufficiently compressed in the first line, spread out little by little to the detriment of the ensemble.

"In several places we notice proof of the little care with which the scribe has executed his work, inverting now and then some figures, altering some words.

"One may ask why the list of amulets was written on a papyrus of the Book Of The Dead. That is a new stage in the evolution of amulets. From real objects they have become diminished

progressively in size, to small figures of a few millimeters in height, more often in gold. When one judges that their configuration alone was sufficient, the designing of the list on a papyrus placed with a mummy was believed to put at the disposition of the defunct all the arsenal of amulets which at that epoch constituted, as has been said, a veritable magical armory about him.

"The transition from amulets in gold to the amulets designed on papyrus is furnished us by a class of monuments of which I shall be content to cite one specimen. It concerns little leaves of gold on which are engraved images of the amulets. This plaque is in the British Museum." In simple words, our papyrus is believed to be the only example of the writing of the forms and symbols of amulets usually accompanied by the word signifying gold, on the blank reverse of a papyrus of the Book Of The Dead. This panel of talismans served the purpose previously filled by enclosing the magical articles themselves in the sepulchre.

We cannot look upon this ancient monument of Egyptian religion with-

out feeling strangely close to this old people. Thousands of years ago they were struggling toward an understanding of the spiritual mystery of life. That they attained greatly, we cannot doubt, for they have left in the Negative Confession a standard of morality and ethics which the modern world would find difficult to maintain. As we read this Confession, we cannot but wonder how many of us could, speaking truthfully from the heart, deny that we had ever injured another person, been envious of his goods, or attempted to corrupt the public welfare for our private purposes. How many of us can say that we have never been angry, never unkind, and never failed to help the needy. Yet these, and many other requirements, were part of the Egyptian way of life.

In the last day when the soul stands in awful judgment before the throne of the great Osiris, it speaks the words of truth in the presence of the jurors of the dead saying, "I have never sinned in my heart, I have never failed in my task, and I have never doubted the abiding glory of the gods."

(WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR HORIZON)





In Reply

A Department of Questions and Answers

Q: What is the effect of blood transfusion upon the consciousness of the human being receiving the blood?

A: The esoteric schools of antiquity were in general agreement that the life principle in man circulated through the body in the blood stream. According to these ancient philosopher-scientists the blood originated in the most secret parts of the corporeal structure, namely the marrow in the bones. The marrow was under the control of the god Saturn whose dominion included the physical framework of nature, and by analogy in the microcosm, the skeleton which supports the muscles, flesh and organs of the human form.

From the hidden throne of the Saturnine principle, the bone marrow, the power of the god flows as from secret fountains along the intricate maze of arteries. Saturn is the integrator, and its force preserves the unity of the personality, binding a variety of functions into an organic wholeness suitable to serve as the vehicle for the human personality.

The blood itself, in the deeper arteries, is a kind of magnetic fluid. It is both physical and superphysical, typal and archetypal. Each drop of blood is a microcosm of the complete person through whose arteries it flows. Within the blood there is an exact but volatile record of temperament, disposition, and

the bodily state. Blood is as individual as human beings themselves, and bears an intimate witness to every motivation and circumstance that arises in the personality complex.

It was a formula of ancient magic that to possess the blood was to control the life. Blood bonds were regarded as indissolvable, and blood brotherhood, that is, the mingling of the bloods of living persons, was the most enduring of all bonds. Blood magic is still practiced by many primitive peoples. The central African savage drinks the blood of the animal he has slain because he believes that in this way he can possess the courage and strength of the creature. Among civilized races the blood rite has been reduced to symbolism, and wine substituted for actual blood. The Egyptians believed that the roots of the grape were nourished by the blood principle of man and animals that have been buried in the earth since the dawn of time. Intoxication is believed to be possession by the warlike blood of races and tribes which have long vanished. The blood they shed descended into the earth and remained there until the roots of the grape vine fed upon its deathless potency.

The circulation of the blood causes this stream of living fluid to pass periodically through the mysterious chambers of the heart. Here in the magnetic field of the left ventricle is the abode of the physical body principle, equivalent in mythology to Zeus or Jupiter, the lord of the mundane sphere, and chief of the Olympian deities. Each time the blood passes through the aura of Zeus or the human ego it is restamped or impressed with the design or seal of the personality. In this way it goes forth again to convey to all parts of the body the vibratory pattern of the ego.

In the case of blood transfusion there is a temporary confusion of blood qualities. Two circumstances are involved. First, a strange blood stamped with a foreign personality pattern is introduced into the body of the patient, and second, this strange blood is separated from the source of its own pattern and subjected to a new pattern. The result is a reasonable probability of confusion and conflict between two rates of blood vibration. This confusion may exist even though in the strict terms of physical science the blood types are compatible.

The power of the blood depends first, upon a constant renewal of its essential substances from the bone marrow, and second, its rhythmic contact with the personality complex in the heart. Separated from these two factors, the source of its life and the source of its "temperament," the blood will die, that is, lose its individuality. The death of the blood, however, is not instantaneous, and in some instances it will retain vestiges of its own identity and the records which have been impressed upon it for hundreds of years.

In the case of transfusion, however, the blood is transferred from one body to another, that is, it is brought under the domination of a different entity and that entity's personality requirements. The immediate result of the transfusion is a battle in the blood to determine which set of personality patterns is to dominate the situation. The result, however, is inevitable. The native blood pattern always conquers the foreign element, the obvious reason being that

the foreign element has no source of life, therefore can not revitalize itself to maintain its original pattern. Also the outside blood comes immediately under the powerful influence of the new environment which exceeds in both quantity and quality.

During the battle of the bloods, the patient receiving the transfusion may, under certain conditions, pass through a temporary period of identity uncertainty. Impressions, mental images, and personality traits belonging to the one giving the blood may appear in the form of mild hallucination. This wears off, however, as the new blood is forced to accept the personality stamp of its new environment. Because the blood is a kind of magnetic field, it will assume readily any impression to which it is subjected. As it circulates through the arteries which form its new abode it loses its old identity and becomes a loyal servant of the master in the heart. The ego stamps the blood with its seals and signatures, and in the end there is only one blood, that of the living structure which has the power to impress its will on the magnetic field.

In the case of plasma, the individuality of the old blood is almost completely broken down before the transfusion takes place. As a result, there is little likelihood of any conscious link between the patient and the donor. The plasma is received into the body devoid of magnetism, and therefore susceptible immediately to the magnetic impulses of the patient.

There is no permanent tie resulting from blood transfusions. The only link is that which exists before the ego of the patient has subjugated the foreign blood. When the subjugation is completed, the old blood identity is entirely erased.

The ancients also knew this, for in their use of blood as a magical agent they preserved it completely free of all contact with other blood or the magnetic fields of outside persons. It is the most susceptible fluid in the world, and responds to any vibration which touches its substance. In this way it is forever conveying back along the channel of

the veins a record of the moods and activities of the body. Arterial blood carries with it the will of the indwelling spiritual being which it distributes throughout the physical structure. The venous blood brings back to the heart the complete and entire account of every bodily process, and the superphysical factors which impinge upon the bodily process. It is thus through the blood that the ego is constantly aware, not of things sensed, which is the function of the nerves, but of things known and done, which is the ultimate factual record.

In substance, transfusion has no permanent results that are detrimental and does not violate any natural law. It is merely a matter of imposing a new magnetic pattern upon a medium which has been separated from a previous pattern. Blood is the particular symbol of a universal power, and like that power itself is adaptable to any emergency that arises in the evolution of consciousness. Consciousness is the master, blood the servant. It is consciousness in the blood that makes it "a most peculiar essence."



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- *This great discovery is either a challenge or an ultimatum delivered by nature. Consequences can be only as constructive or destructive as the level of consciousness of the people who use it.*

Karmic Consequences of the Atomic Bomb

THOSE who think things through are profoundly concerned with the challenge presented by this extraordinary discovery and the probable consequences. To meet such conditions arising in our world we must try to adopt the philosophical attitude and avoid unreasonable conclusions. In connection with the menace of the bomb, I think we can take some solace in the thoughts of Emerson. On one occasion during a world-end scare, (they arise periodically) someone in considerable panic approached Emerson and said, "Dr. Emerson, what will you do if the world ends?" Emerson thought for a moment and said, "Well, there is only one thing I can do, that is learn to get along without it."

The first thing we need in this problem is perspective. The whole subject is very close and imminent at the moment, and we should parallel the present crisis in terms of the experience of the past. That is the purpose of history. We study history not merely to learn about things that happened a long time ago, but to help us face present problems by means of the experience of other human beings who have in other times been confronted with similar problems. Problems may differ in magnitude, but essentially the same basic questions arise in every generation.

Searching backward in the perspective of history to find something that parallels the atomic bomb, probably the closest parallel we find is the discovery of gun powder, and the effect which that produced upon the way of life in the medieval world. Gun powder was brought to Europe from China. The Chinese did not develop it for military purposes, they developed it primarily for

magical processes. Gun powder was used by them for the purpose of frightening away demons, and also for the celebration of various events, much in the spirit of our Fourth of July celebration. Reaching Europe, gun powder was almost immediately adopted by the Occidental mind to the dominant problems of the time, which were military. This resulted in the gradual development of the cannon and musket. The oldest form of cannons were made of wood and bound around with wire. The charge of powder was small and conveniently shaped; rocks were the first missiles. Of course it was not long before the enthusiasm of the artilleryman caused him to overload his wooden cannon, and it was himself and not the enemy who was blown to smithereens.

The development of gun powder and the new type of fighting armament resulted in a tremendous change in the psychology of life. It ended knight errantry. It ended the entire theory of the noble warrior, who, well encased in steel armor, regarded war as an adventure, and enjoyed comparative personal protection when compared to that of the infantry troops and peasantry who had no such protection. The bullet was no respecter of nobility. Armor became useless, and with the disappearance of armor, there disappeared also the walled city. The medieval fortress was no longer necessary. With the development of gun powder we had the end of the feudal system. Gun powder permitted the peasant to destroy the nobility. It permitted the man without armor to meet on equal footing the man with armor.

This was the basic issue that eventually dominated modern warfare. It

was no longer a matter of individual bravery, nor a matter of the justice of the cause. As Napoleon observed, "God is on the side with the heaviest artillery." This brought a complete shift in the belief that in some way moral right bestowed physical prowess and the old challenge of combat for honor no longer existed; skill and weight of armor took the place of holy purpose. In the entire process of the development of modern warfare we have been confronted with the unfoldment of this psychology.

Another important crisis in world civilization was when the architect Vitruvius constructed the first aqueduct. Now it would not seem that a row of pipes running through the hills along the Appian Way of Rome could have produced a profound effect upon civilization for all time, but it did. The simple development of a method of bringing water in large quantities into a community made possible the phenomenon of large cities, and moved our entire civilization from the suburban to a cosmopolitan consciousness. Up to the time of the development of the aqueduct and drainage system, three or four thousand persons constituted a large city. The city could not increase in population or size beyond the capacity of its local wells. Now all this was changed, and in a very short time innumerable villages began to cluster around the centers of commerce for life. It was the aqueduct and sewer that created the Roman Empire and gave it its position of world domination.

Every important change we make in our way of life brings innumerable consequences, and the consequences are often more far reaching, more important, *apparently*, than the causes which produce them. This is because we have not sensed the profound force of causes. Now in China we know, for example, that their way of life was influenced largely by the lack of roads. All metropolitan living was geared to the produce problem. There was no way of refrigerating or preserving foods. Therefore no community could grow larger than the surrounding countryside could support. There was no way of bringing

food from a distance. Food could only be kept, at the very most, for a one or two day journey, so the source of supply had to be in that range. For that reason the land in the Si-Kiang delta, some of the most important land in China, could not be used; it was too far from the center of life. Transportation and refrigeration had their part in changing our entire perspective on living.

Innumerable parallels can be cited for world changing circumstances, and these circumstances have set up patterns of thinking and living that have endured. We do not even know the names of some early inventors and architects who set up new ways of life, but uncouthed millions have been influenced by these changes.

Now we must regard the invention or discovery of the atomic bomb as a dividing point in history. Beyond any question it is the most momentous discovery in the records of human achievement. It has within itself all the elements of changing the entire structure of our civilization. We always view change with alarm, whether that change be essentially mere newness or potential menace. To some human beings all newness is menace. Anything which takes us out of our habits, out of our normal and traditional way of thinking is viewed with alarm. For this type the present perspective is particularly alarming. Then we know that at last we have made a discovery which has within it an almost infinite capacity for destructiveness. Never before have we released so terrible an instrument of potential annihilation. This in itself, coming at a time when the human family more than ever before is in a position to think through the challenge, makes this a most important, profound and significant occasion. Had the discovery been made a thousand years ago human beings as a collective would have had very little to say or think about it, but our educational opportunities, and the increasing individual intellection of our people, causes this discovery to appear to each of us, and to every human being in all civilized countries, as a poten-

tial destructive instrument. Already we are beginning to feel the repercussions of our own discovery, and we must approach the matter with thoughtfulness and with a certain basic understanding, or our whole civilization may be in the grip of panic.

You will probably realize, if you have been reading your journals and papers with reasonable regularity, that in the last month the atomic bomb has moved forward in journalistic significance, and there is scarcely an issue of any importance that does not refer to it. From the temporary silence, due almost to awe and terror, we are emerging into the evidence of conscious reaction. At first the world was a little numb, it took time to realize the weight of the thing we had done. Now we are beginning to come out of our mental anesthesia which the shock produced. We are beginning to search, in one way or another, almost desperately for some answer, and those variously responsible for the discovery are now trying to find means of shifting the responsibility. We suddenly realize the magnitude of this thing, and we are searching for a way out of the challenge with which we have confronted ourselves.

It is evident, obvious, inevitable, and we must all accept it, that we cannot prevent, lose, destroy or wipe out this thing we have done. One of our political leaders has suggested that we write into our laws that any person who shall communicate this secret to any foreign power or nation shall be held guilty of high treason. Well that is one of the early, infantile reflexes. Such a procedure is worse than useless and hopeless. Humanity can never undo that which it has done, it must go forward to use. It cannot hope to go backward into that age of innocence which lies behind any important change. We may as well think in terms of giving up all of our civilized institutions. We cannot, even if we desire, cease to know that which we do know. Therefore it is not by attempting to remove the thing we have done, but by attempting to use it constructively that we must find our way out. Neither the individual nor

the collective groups can ever forget. It is important, therefore, that we develop constructive ways of learning.

As to the possibility of preserving a secret such as that of this bomb, such a secrecy is also impossible. The very structure and nature of the discovery itself makes it vulnerable to any highly trained group of scientists. The latest opinion of scientific men on the subject is that in a period of from two to ten years, every major power capable of producing a group of reasonably thoroughly trained scientific men can discover the formula, and certainly will. We realize Germany was very close to the discovery in a laboratory it had set up in Norway. Japan was very close to the discovery of it, and there is no reason to doubt that Russia already has the bomb or is in the imminent process of discovering it. That which is true of these principal powers we may say will be true of any other nation capable of training and producing scientific thinkers. There is no reason to doubt that within ten years other nations, such as China, India, the more prominent Latin American countries, and practically all the larger countries of Europe will have this secret.

Now one of the inventors has suggested an ingenious viewpoint on the subject; namely, that the mutual possession of the secret will probably protect the world from the consequences of this bomb. Experience, however, cannot support such a viewpoint. Whereas in the past, human beings have made discoveries which in their own time and in their own circumstances were as startling, they have never been able to preserve themselves or each other from the institutional reprisals and retaliations, from the revenge and national and internal aggrandizement which plays such an important part in our political viewpoint. It is not reasonable to presume that human beings basically antagonistic, basically separated by tradition and by the psychosis of our time, which is the psychosis of domination, can be expected to ignore this discovery if they can use it to achieve the purpose they desire to achieve.

The important consideration here lies again in the fact that the possession of this secret largely neutralizes the relationship between the minority and majority classes. The minority equipped with the instrument becomes a majority, and classes which hitherto, because of lack of number, were unable to occupy a prominent position in world affairs, are confronted with the temptation of this equalizing force, the force by which one man becomes as strong as an army of old. This is bound to have its place in the attitudes of the races and international groups in this so-called postwar pre-atomic period. The possibility, therefore, of any nation holding this secret against the rest of the world is slight. In fact, it may not even be given serious consideration.

The next issue that has arisen is one that is being considered by the committee of scientists who worked upon the project itself. The substance of their statement on this subject is very briefly this: "No defense against the atomic bomb is known, and there is a serious question as to whether or not a defense can be found." Now this opens up another important line of thought. No direct method of insulating against the atomic fragmentary process is known. Probably it would be unwise in the light of experience and history to affirm dogmatically that no solution or defense is discoverable, but certainly such a discovery of defense will require a considerable period of time. We are in the presence of a force so terrific that the release of it represents a shattering power against which none of the structures we have so far developed are capable of being preserved or sustaining themselves.

This being the truth at the moment, regardless of future discoveries, it brings home another situation of importance, and that is, that the atomic bomb can only be, in part at least, neutralized by the decentralization of population and industry. In other words, the only way we can protect ourselves is to reduce the number of targets in any given locality. From the time of the discovery of this bomb, as one commentator has

noted, we may as well give back our large cities to the Indians. Large cities are intensely vulnerable areas, and the degree of vulnerability can be estimated not only in terms of the present bomb, but in terms of the fact that the bomb that has been used is already outmoded. In a few months the bombs which were dropped upon Japan have become obsolete. Now bombs from fifty to two hundred times as powerful are already in process of being manufactured. In terms of this fact we can realize that the city of New York could be demolished and depopulated with one bomb. We may find that it will be necessary to give the Indians a small inducement to get them to take it back.

One of our military experts has already suggested that by a process of sabotage, the placing of seventy-two atomic bombs in strategic areas would practically destroy our nation. These could be placed secretly by suicide saboteurs, and seventy-two men could accomplish all that previously required an army of invasion and a tremendous land and air force. It is rather interesting that the number seventy-two should have been hit upon because, of course, it is the great number of antiquity preserved in our Christianity in the Septuagint, which was the great Bible of the seventy (actually seventy-two) editors. We have written a new book, a book of destruction that can be administered by seventy-two human beings.

Now that which is true of us is true of other nations. We can realize the potential consequences had Germany been able to attach an atomic bomb to its robot plane. If they had had the discovery in time they could have depopulated the British Isles. Furthermore, we need no longer think in terms of robot planes. By use of this bomb in connection with rockets and artillery it is possible and reasonable to fire with considerable accuracy an atomic shell from a fixed emplacement a distance of five thousand miles. In other words, artillery set up on the European continent could successfully shell the city of Chicago. Now we begin to have a slight idea of the Pandora Box we have

opened, and we are also suddenly confronted with the sickening feeling in the pit of our stomach that we have finally achieved a maximum of power while still suffering from a minimum of integrity. At last we have really taken off the lid of hell.

In this situation, with all its alarming and disquieting considerations, which unquestionably will find their places in our psychology, we begin to hear reverberations. The various scientific personnel that has been working on the atomic bomb for the last twenty-five years now wishes to wash its hands of all responsibility in the matter. The inventors themselves have come forward and stated simply that they worked on their invention with the most deep and profound hope that they would not be able to solve the mystery. Now that sounds like a rather hypocritical remark, but it is not necessarily so. Let us play fair with all values. The race for the atomic bomb was not carried on by one nation alone, and it is perfectly possible for the scientists of several nations to hope mutually and individually that they would never make the discovery, but still be forced to continue their efforts in the fear that another, and possibly a less ethical group, would make the discovery. In all probability the majority of scientists who have been working on the bomb would be perfectly willing to have the entire formula obliterated forever, if at the same time they could be sure that some other, possibly subversive force, was not at work trying to regain the secret. But there again human nature is inevitable. We know it can be done and the same type of mind that has labored so insidiously for world domination since the dawn of history is never going to permit us to forget, and will never stop dreaming itself, of the power this bomb carries with it. We cannot hope to escape in that way.

There is also a grave feeling among scientific personnel as to the uses to be made of the atomic bomb, and the majority of those who worked on it regret that any actual use was made of it. Several of the scientists have been

quoted as saying they believed the intimidating power of the bomb would have been sufficient without its actual use by any military power against human beings. This viewpoint is resulting in the rise of an unusual division between science and politics. The scientific world is accusing the political world of using their discovery without consulting them as to its release, or as to the possible administration of its power without its actual use. Science is threatening in several groups to disassociate itself entirely from all political implications, if science is not permitted to have its own say in the use of its discoveries. Here the scientist is taking the fundamental viewpoint that the purpose of science is to further human life, and that the discoveries made by scientific individuals and groups should not be applied to destructive purposes, and that if this process is continued, science will simply cease all research in fields that can be regarded as destructive. It is a thought, but it is too late. The masterpiece has been accomplished and the process of closing the door after the horse is stolen is not going to be of benefit to us.

Science has a new job that may take quite a while to work out, and that is the problem of discovering an antidote to its own discovery. That, more or less, has been the creeping paralysis of the ages, man is forever trying to find remedies for the destructiveness which he discovers in the name of progress.

All of these elements can be regarded as groundwork, and from the challenge which the bomb itself presents and which will inevitably occupy the consideration of the whole world for many years to come, we must now pass into the philosophic consideration of the implication of this matter.

We should like first of all to take up the problems and issues which have confronted the religious world. A large number of individuals, hearing of this bomb for the first time, seeing photographs of its consequences, asked the question in a sort of numb and hopeless way, "Why did God permit its discovery? Is there nothing in the universe

to protect man from his own folly? If there be laws, principles, divine truth and divine mind in space, why do these not prevent the human being from releasing an energy and power over which he so obviously lacks any method of control?"

Here again we can have simple recourse to fact against fancy. If we look about us in life, in the large nations and in the small nations, we realize it has been the rule of the ages that the deity, or divinity or universal power in nature has never interfered in the development of human ingenuity, whether it be for good or destruction. During the period of the great plagues the gods did not prevent nearly a hundred million human beings from perishing of the bubonic plague. During periods of war divinities do not step in to prevent destructiveness in which human beings indulge themselves. During periods of disaster, natural and man-made, we do not find any evidence of intervention. Therefore, we have no reason to presume that intervention would appear today.

Our reason for keeping on hoping for that intervention is because we have a feeling that the thing we have done is in itself practically cosmic. That it is too big for us, and therefore of all the emergencies we have ever known this is the one in which we are in the most need of the help of the gods. This reaction is reasonable and normal but it can be paralleled in the experience of individuals. If a small child, though he may be without guile, innocent, noble and guilty of no wrong, in ignorant playfulness, or through inexperience, drops a lighted match into a powder barrel, the result is inevitable, and the innocence and well-meaning of the child will not prevent the explosion or his own destruction if he is nearby. In other words, the belief or attitude that we did not mean to do wrong or that we did not know any better, that type of excuse has never been accepted by nature, never regarded in time or space as a substitute for knowing or performing such actions as are essentially right. The destructiveness of inexperience has

never been coddled by the gods. There is no reason why universal law should intervene, for the very simple and natural reason that universal law has only one primary purpose and that is the furtherance and growth of nature.

To our minds the atomic bomb threatens our survival and our growth. In terms of nature, however, the atomic bomb threatens not our survival, but our way of survival; not our existence, but our mode of existence. It does not endanger our immortal realities, but it is shattering to the mortal unrealities which we have come to identify with realities. The atomic bomb, like all material things, only hazards material things, and it is part of nature's eternal plan that the human being shall ultimately disentangle his human consciousness from material things. Therefore, the discovery of the bomb is a cataclysm to man, but is not necessarily a cataclysm to nature. It is a cataclysm to us that something we have built up should be destroyed. It is the ultimate cataclysm to us if we ourselves as creatures should be destroyed. But this is largely due to the local egotism of our viewpoint. It is due to the fact that as far as we are concerned, we regard ourselves as highly significant creatures. We regard our own survival as highly important and we have proved through five thousand years of uncivilized civilization that we regard our particular pattern of life as more important than truth, reality, wisdom or spiritual integrity. We are perfectly convinced that our reason for existence in this world is to preserve the institutions we have built here. Therefore, we view with uniform disquietude anything that threatens our way of life.

Here we are confronted with a problem of spiritual decision, a decision which we have forced upon ourselves, a decision which we will ultimately have to make, which might have been one thousand, ten thousand or fifty thousand years in the future had not our ingenuity caught up with us; namely, the decision as to what constitutes the purpose for our existence. We must recognize that this bomb, like every other destructive thing we have devised, surrounds

us more closely and binds us more tightly to the fabric of our own illusion. It also leaves us fewer and fewer escapes from the inevitable decision that we must make. We have evaded and avoided this decision for years and now we have released something that makes this decision necessary to survival.

Nature has always found, and can demonstrate beyond doubt, that the human being never selects survival until no other possible course is open to him. With the exception of a few deeply philosophical idealists, no human being is good because it is good to be good. He will only be good when it is too uncomfortable to be any other way. An occasional individual is born virtuous, a very small number attain virtue, for the rest it must be thrust upon them; and it looks very much as though a very considerable impetus toward virtue is being thrust upon us. Naturally there is an immediate division in our people, a division that reveals exactly the condition that we are in.

Some people have made a discovery in the atomic bomb which is very healthy. More often they are saying to themselves and each other, "This is something that is too big for us. This is something we are not ready for. This is something we are not wise enough to face." Even this slight sense of personal insufficiency is practically the first crack in the armament of our egotism. If we suddenly realize there are many things we are not ready for, that is the beginning of true readiness. It is the beginning of the necessary attitude toward life.

This sharp division that has arisen in the thinking of our people is represented on one hand by greater seriousness, and on the other hand by greater thoughtlessness. The atomic bomb is attacking the unprepared very much in the form of battle fatigue. Those who have no strength within themselves and have depended upon the strength of their way of life for survival are showing, already, serious indications of panic. This panic will manifest itself in the years that are ahead in the increasing recklessness of living, dissipation of living, general lack

of acceptance of responsibility, general disinclination to build or plan or prepare, and a constant increase in the escape mechanism of living now for any moment may be our last. This represents itself in the emergence of a chaotic pattern which we will feel all around us and to which we will be exposed in our daily contacts with people. There are going to be those among us who, having no internal foundation, will suffer a sense of complete frustration as the result of the loss of all external security. We will live to see a period of reckless, irresponsible living because, as these people will say, nothing is important any more. This attitude reflects again the basis upon which they built their sense of importance. It is only an ultimate admission that that which was never important remains unimportant; that their security from the beginning was ephemeral and illusional, and that weakness was concealed by mass motion. Individuals who could not survive by themselves eked out their existence by leaning upon each other. Those who could not find any reason for life within invested their reason for life in external accumulation and accomplishment.

The atomic bomb reveals dramatically the complete folly of our entire concept of life. That is the reason we are going to dislike it so heartily. We are going to dislike it because we are afraid of it, and we are afraid of it because it reveals to us our own consistent and abundant inadequacies.

This division between classes of individuals is based upon a series of considerations. To return to the bomb itself, what is the effect of the atomic bomb? What is it in the terms of power release? Does this effect extend beyond material things? Will there be consequences resulting from the use of this bomb which may, as one scientist hazards, actually destroy the entire planet? Will we come in the end to a universal deluge of energy, and will it result in the same pattern that confronts us in our consideration of past life; will civilized nations, having possession of this instrument, destroy themselves and leave

the world again to be the abiding place of such aboriginal tribes as live outside the sphere of culture and civilization? When we get through will we leave the perpetuation of our kind to some wandering nomads of Northern Asia, the Polar Eskimos, or some tribe in Africa whose tribe is not worth bombing? That opens also an interesting field of speculation, whether a decadent world will wipe itself out. Of course, to us these considerations are vital because we are part of it, and to us our own survival and the survival of our institutions are the reasons for our existence.

Consider the man who is engaged in a line of business which he does not particularly enjoy, but which is highly profitable; you may have heard of such individuals. In this country they are probably a hundred million strong, or weak. This individual sits at his desk, mumbling in his beard his dissatisfaction with everything but finally acknowledges his lot is not too bad because he has accumulated a tidy sum. We are reminded of the story published not long ago about a high pressure American business man who was having a little chat with an Indian sitting in front of his wigwam. The Indian was lolling in the warm sunlight, the picture of contentment, when the high pressure American of imported origin arrived on the scene and said, "Say, Chief, why don't you get a job?" The Indian looked at him for a moment and said, "Why?" The man said, "Well, if you take a job you make thirty or forty dollars a week." The Indian said, "Why?" The man replied, "Well, if you made thirty or forty dollars a week you could save money." "Why?" "Well, if you saved money you could retire and then you would not have to work any more." The Indian said, "I don't work now."

Now this is part of the cycle of success by which man, as the result of doing things he does not want to do, manages to buy a certain amount of leisure to do the things he wants to do. Now the atomic bomb means he may have the privilege of doing the things he does not want to do for the better

part of his life and then be blown to smithereens about the time he could do the things he wants to do. This is a most disquieting process of rumination. Possibly this business man hopes as a goal that the small business which he has built up, and to which he has been a slave for years, will sometime produce its own skyscraper and stand in the midst of humanity as an eternal monument to him. For this end he slaves, struggles and finally dies of internal complications but it is all worth while because later there will stand in the midst of the community the Jones Building; *he* won't stand, but the building will. Now, horrible to consider, there may be an explosion somewhere and there will not only be no Mr. Jones, but there will be no Jones Building; therefore, there is nothing left to live for because we live largely in the hope that we will survive in something we have done. The prospect of our civilization being destroyed, the prospect of our children perishing, the prospect of the end of existences for all the things toward which we are building, paralyzes our own initiative and leaves us bereft of any so-called constructive, purposeful reason for being here.

Now against the problem of Mr. Jones, therefore, comes this terrific cataclysm and his immediate effort toward finding some way of circumventing it. He is now going to pray they will find some way of insulating the Jones Building. We believe this way of life is what the Gods want because we have been convinced that the gods are primarily concerned with what we want, since that has been our background for centuries and we have never questioned it. But against the problem of man's building for the future, there is the situation of the individual who is not doing things he does not want to do so that ultimately he will accumulate, but rather he is doing the things he enjoys doing. His reward is actually intrinsic with the action and requires no terrific compensation in the end. Instead of making his goal the escape from what he is doing man might be wiser to make the thing he is doing the joy of his life,

then he no longer has to be rewarded, and the reward is no longer hazarded. The individual who is making each day he lives the perfect reward for having lived it, is not going to be greatly worried over whether a monumental office building stands in memory of him. Mr. Jones never considered when he was building that great building that in fifty years the building would be torn down, and its ultimate disappearance was inevitable any way. If the individual would live and could live in the terms of the thing he is doing and not in the terms of the thing he expects to get in some other time and place, this would be a basis upon which to build a civilization. It is not the permanence of the thing we do, but the joy of doing it that is the basis of a reasonable way of life, because nothing is permanent anyway. As one wise old cynic observed long ago, "Nothing is changeless but change." No material institution we can ever construct can have any actual enduring quality. If, then, instead of investing the symbols of our efforts in those destructible things which can be destroyed by bombs, we begin the process of investing effort in the development of ourselves, we not only achieve our results, but we take the emphasis off the need for the bomb. This is true because the entire policy of the bomb is involved in the policy of material power, and it is only while material ambition dominates the world that the bomb has any particular significance.

We are invited to make this shift of perspective, and nature has an amazingly strenuous way of issuing its invitation. It has learned that man is not subtle; it has learned that man will not take a hint unless that hint carries with it an explosion approximate to that of the atomic bomb. We have been building a top heavy world and we are beginning to emerge from the Second World War. We had no more than begun to emerge when we saw definite indications of our emergence from the idealism we had during that war. Before the guns had been silenced and the documents were all signed, the majority of individuals were slipping back into a competitive

way of life. Already we were planning profits, trying to get the last nickle out of the war before it ended, and the day the war was over thousands of houses went on the market for three times their value to get them sold before the slump. We were right at it again. Some individuals were more thoughtful, but the great tendency was to slip back into the same old patterns that had caused the situation in the first place.

Apparently all-provident nature realizes this eternal back-sliding has very little in common with progress and has given us something this time that is really going to make it hard for us to backslide. It has placed the sword of Damocles over our heads as a warning that we can never again so long as we exist fall back into the old ways without the immediate danger of exterminating ourselves on the spot. Of course, that is not the kind of message from the Infinite that the human being likes. He wants Deity to pat him on the head and tell him how good he is, but nature realizes that in patting the individual the main consideration is to pat him long enough, hard enough and low enough to get results. Nature has issued an ultimatum to human beings. It was inevitable. It was the apex of our scientific viewpoint of existence.

Science for the last fifty years has ridiculed religion, at least if not in open ridicule, it has certainly displaced the spiritual life of man. It has placed all emphasis upon material accomplishment and as a result of so doing it has increased human sophistication, and with its boasted achievements has held itself up as the greatest benefactor of mankind. Well, the great benefactor has let loose the whirlwind, and the great scientific foundations of the race that have never been harnessed to an appropriate idealism have brought in a harvest identical with the planting. That is the thing we do not like. The thing we regret most of all in nature is the law of cause and effect, and yet it is the one great hope that we have.

Philosophically considering the problem of the atomic bomb, we realize that to the individual who is building

a solid philosophy of life, this bomb offers no greater hazard than that presented by traffic, sickness, accidents, or any other incidents of nature. It is truly a monumental incident. It is the largest composite accident that we have ever known or had. But in terms of philosophy it is not the cause for any unreasonable demoralization of thoughtful people. Since the first scientific laboratory was built, the motion has been toward the development of this bomb. It belongs in the category of experience, and those who are really thoughtful are grateful that as long as it has to come it is a privilege to be alive when it does happen, because we can see and know and be a part of a condition which other ages will only learn from the written word. It is a privilege to be present in the most critical period the world has ever experienced. It is good karma to be born in bad times because it gives us the opportunity to participate in the privilege of growth. It is the privilege of the individual, emerging from himself, to be challenged by something infinitely greater than himself, and it is the opportunity for victory, the victory of self over circumstances. There is no other victory and never has been any other, and every problem that has ever arisen in the history of civilization had only that as its ultimate solution. Because so many of the problems we have built up have not been as dramatic, we have been able to patch them, make them appear to be solved, or absorb them in other problems so we would not have to face them directly. Here is one we must face honestly. It provides a privilege, an opportunity for an individual to grow at a rapidity of tempo only possible when the challenge itself is intensive. There is nothing less beneficial than easy times, less meaningful than success, as we know it, but here we have the opportunity and the dynamic motivation to begin the reorientation of our lives.

The first steps have already been taken. For example, Yale University is now crying out for new departments of education. It was, indeed, only an atomic bomb that could have reached

Yale. Anything less than a major miracle would have been ineffective; but now comes education, represented by one of our greatest institutions, announcing solemnly and sincerely that the time has come for education in moral, ethical, cultural and esthetical values. Yale has seen the handwriting on the wall. It realizes now that this generation, devoted to making better mouse-traps, must make better mice out of itself. It is no longer going to be possible for an individual to be successful because he can take a motor apart and put it together again; he must realize that while this great atomic monster hangs in the sky he will have to put himself together. If he does not do this he will become a nervous wreck. The whole civilization must become wise or become completely neurotic as the result of this atomic bomb. There can no longer be the delightful indecision we have loved so long. We will have to make decisions. This is a privilege.

The question arises as to how much this reformation is going to be worth if the more or less reformed individual is going to be under the bomb when it goes off. In other words, what about the basic problem of the great destruction of life? That must have its place. We may find before we get through that more casualties were caused by the dropping of the two atomic bombs than by all the bombs that were dropped in Europe and Asia put together. The death rate is appalling. It is appalling in many ways. Those not the immediate victims of the explosion of the bomb suffered a death and agony unequaled in the cruelty of the ages.

Now what does this mean? How are we going to confront the simple problem of life destruction? Here again we are going to have to know and realize that life always has been and always will be an exceedingly fragile thing. I think the greatest cause of life destruction up to the present moment is not bombs, not any particular disaster, but that peculiar pattern which nature itself has set up, the law of inevitable mortality. Death from so-called natural causes is still the greatest taker of life,

and always will be, yet against this the average individual has no psychosis. The average individual is not morbid over the mere fact that because he is here is obvious proof that some day he will not be here. Whether this cause asserts itself when he is fifty or when he is ninety, it will inevitably assert itself. As Lord Bacon observed, and it was so inscribed as his epitaph, "All compounds must be dissolved." Man is a compound and the dissolution of that compound is inevitable. But over this we are not concerned. We live from day to day as though we would live forever, and because we have assumed the psychology of that which is termed natural, we are perfectly content with it. As individuals we have certain moments of dilemma, but in substance and essence we accept dissolution as inevitable, and therefore, not subject to reform, and not a suitable problem to receive too much consideration.

Now in the presence of this inevitable dissolution we have created another pattern; namely, that dissolution from any cause other than natural means is a subject of peculiar consideration. The entire problem comes right down to the same thing that Socrates faced when he decided to drink the hemlock rather than pay a small fine his disciples agreed to pay for him. Socrates in his dialogue told his disciples, gathered to mourn his departure from this life, that they should have no particular cause for worry or fear about him, that in sober fact everything was in excellent condition as far as he was concerned. In truth he was looking with the greatest and keenest anticipation, not so much because he was going to depart from uncertainty, but by nature he was an inquiring individual and he regarded the universe as being filled with answers to questions, and that the greater part of the world which he loved and admired was concealed from him by the mystery of death. Therefore he was like a merchant traveling to distant places, he was anxious to be on his way, because before him lay the great adventure. Consequently, the problem of how

long he was going to live was of no great importance to him. The problem was how well he could live while here. The problem was to what degree he could accomplish the transition between worlds with perfect integrity, understanding and calmness, and happiness of spirit.

This might seem to be an evasion, but after all, consider for a moment that the power of the bomb and the use of it depends upon the terror which it causes. The reason why death has always been the enslaver of people and why human beings will compromise all their ethics and ideals in order to live is because they regard death as a terrible thing. The bomb would lose its significance and effectiveness if the human being would live by a pattern in which the survival of his body was not as important as the survival of his principles.

Now in the times of stress of war which we have recently passed through, many of our young men have made the decision that principles were more important than life, and they have paid for that decision on coral reefs in the South Pacific and in other parts of the world, while the rest of us rather smugly at home admired them for their decision but felt ourselves no part of it. The atomic bomb ends the possibility of other men dying for us. It makes it impossible for the great civilian population and great industrial leaders to be protected from the consequences of a cause for which they themselves are partly responsible. We can no longer be delinquent and then send our sons out to die for it. That may be a very thought producing and great forwarding realization.

To the thoughtful individual the atomic bomb only represents the possibility of the destruction of a physical body, which in nature and in the universe is not of sovereign importance; the important thing is the thing which is within that body, the life which is growing up and evolving through time and space. That life is indestructible. The simple solution to the challenge of the atomic bomb, the answer, lies in

our final recognition of the great philosophical doctrines of reincarnation and karma taught by the wise since the beginning of time. We now need to recognize the doctrine of recurrent life or lives and realize that the thing that is growing within us requires experience, and can not be affected adversely or retarded greatly by any device of science. The individual as an individual may be physically annihilated, but the individual as life, intelligence, progress in nature, is indestructible. Body can be destroyed, but the growth, progress, integrity, wisdom and perfection of the life within that body is indestructible, and man has already died a thousand times trying to learn to live as well as he does now. He may have to die many more times before he can learn how to live. Nature presenting these terrific challenges to our consciousness is demanding from us wisdom and vision. The only way human beings can protect themselves at this time from the possible destruction of their life pattern by the new pattern of atomic energy is to recognize that this energy in no way affects the great foundation of integrity which is the basis of life.

When the human being has established his philosophy firmly, then and only then can atomic energy be used collectively for constructive purposes. There is no doubt it has great, constructive possibilities, but it can be no more constructive than the level of consciousness of the world that uses it. The only way we can protect ourselves is to raise the level of world integrity. Neither legislature nor secrecy can accomplish this end. It is only the restatement by the individual of the resolution to preserve values and to live, not according to the principle of competitive accumulation, but on the principle of co-operative sharing of all things that are necessary to life itself that will bring about this end. The purpose of this world is to be a kind of university in which we go to school. But let us take neither the world nor university so seriously that we forget that our life is merely a term within our existence.

We are really space creatures. We have within ourselves untouched and unknown dimensions of release. Within ourselves are powers greater than any other power we know, because after all man is also a center of atomic energy. He has a greater strength for good, as vast a measure for good, in proportion, as this small handful of energy has in destructive power. The human being is capable of spiritual security whether the world shares that security or not. The bomb throws the problems of security right back into the lap of the individual where it belongs. We cannot be happy because of what we have or do not have, we must learn once more to discover values in what we are. This is the greatest symbol of the detachment of man from the material hypnosis which has developed in the last five thousand years. This is the final and complete statement of the fact that it is useless, worthless and pointless to invest the ability and nobility of the human creature in the creation of a merely economic or industrial existence.

Perhaps it will result in the decentralization of communities. That would be good. Perhaps it will break up more and more false patterns. We will have to give up things we believe in order to survive, and we will learn to survive by giving up the things we believe are necessary. Here again we have the great opportunity that comes periodically from the gods, the opportunity to decide between growth and panic, between the unfoldment and release of the finest values we know and the complete demoralization of character, because the things we have been attached to have been taken from us. In this respect we might note the statement accredited to Hermann Goering upon hearing of the atomic bomb. He said, "I want no part of it." He is now on trial, of course, with other great criminals. His second line of thought was a deep sigh of relief to the effect that in all probability he would be out of the world before he would have to endure that method of departing from the world. So to Mr. Goering the atomic bomb represents an added adjustment between his present

state and that which is likely to be his future condition. In other words, the world for him is well worth leaving.

Now there are going to be people who feel that way, but the fact is, this atomic bomb can be the greatest incentive, the most practical physical incentive toward solution, not a solution based upon trying to lock the bomb up, but solution based upon the final acceptance of the fact that our whole pattern of civilization is wrong. Until the basic pattern is corrected there is no security for us. Unquestionably the bomb is a horrible thing, but there are other institutions which we have set up that destroy life, literally grinding human beings out of existence by intensive competition, breaking the minds and bodies of millions every year in the name of civilization. That does not seem horrible, for civilization itself is in very bad shape. It is completely lacking in integrity that can give it survival.

Nature has again forced our decision, but this time because we have wasted wars and depressions which might have been informative, it is no longer a gentle hint. This time it is an ultimatum. Man dreaming of world power, has it, and now he is suddenly realizing that in building up power he has forgotten to build up himself. That he has created an external strength at the expense of internal strength, and that he must balance the relationship between his consciousness and his world, or else he will be one of those unbalanced forces which, according to the ancient scriptures, shall perish in the void.

We must learn to live and build within ourselves a complete security that is not dependent upon the security of our material institutions, and the moment we are secure in the midst of insecure institutions we will bestow our security upon those institutions. The things we build can never be stronger nor safer than the motives by which they were built, and the only way we can build a permanent world of better people is to build better people first, and the world will take on their shape and likeness.

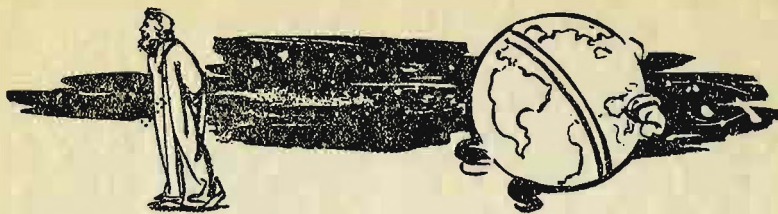
To the thoughtful, to those truly philosophically, mystically and religiously inclined, this bomb is a restatement. It is an act of divine wisdom, by means of which we are being called forth from the smallness of ourselves as we are now, to the greatness of ourselves as we could be, the greatness that would give us the wisdom to use and an understanding too great to abuse. This is the decision that is coming and we have to face it. The way we face our future destiny, whatever it may be, determines our growth. We will keep on growing, the universe will keep on growing, and human beings will continue to move triumphantly toward solution. There is nothing that can stop us and only one thing that can delay us, and that is ourselves. We are the substance of our own delay and nature has pointed out that delays in the accomplishment of necessary things are dangerous. Let us then think in terms of a rise in courage, character and consciousness above this great challenge that has been loosed upon us.

(A PUBLIC LECTURE BY MANLY PALMER HALL.)

Suggested reading: FACING THE FUTURE; FIRST PRINCIPLES OF PHILOSOPHY;
JOURNEY IN TRUTH; SELF UNFOLDMENT.)

● *"Civilization is the possibility of human beings living together in a commonwealth of purpose, cooperating in all things necessary, and each man placing the good of the others above his own."*

—CICERO



The Postwar Spiritual Emergency

CRIME, sickness, poverty and war are the great calamities to which the flesh falls heir, and as we look back over the history of civilization we realize that we have done very little to end these disasters, or even to bring them under control. We have given the most consideration to the problem of health, for our insurance statistics prove clearly that we have lengthened the span of human life. We have done more with health than with the other three because we have depended less upon legislation in the realm of sickness. We have realized that neither our lawyers nor our politicians can cure us of dyspepsia. The problem has been very personal, very intense in its individual expression, and in the presence of this personal value we have met the challenge.

War, which is another of our most ancient disasters, has also defied control through legislative means. We may say that war is international crime, and in approaching war, we must approach it as we would crime. We must realize that crime is a condition widely distributed throughout humankind, whereas criminals are individuals merely bearing witness to a large basic condition. We are beginning to realize that it is impossible to end crime by punishing criminals. The roots are far deeper, the values far greater, and the very morning paper that reports the execution of a criminal announces a diversity of new delinquencies.

The individual case, the individual incident, is only a manifestation of something larger and deeper, and it is this larger, deeper part which we have refused to acknowledge and refused to face as the challenge of our time.

If we wish to approach the problem of a war in terms of solution, it is not sufficient to regard it as a horrible example. We have been laying plans to prevent the third World War, if we can. Perhaps it would be wiser, first, to understand the one we have just finished fighting. Perhaps it would be wiser for us to regard this late conflict not as a terrible dream from which we wish to awaken as quickly as possible, and return to our old ways, but as a challenge to our intelligence, something that we must think about seriously, something from which we must extract a vital experience lesson.

Not long ago, a rather kindly and intelligent lady, who wished to do some heavy reading, asked me to suggest something she should read that in my estimation would give her a great deal of philosophy, something serious that would be a companion in thought over a long period of time. I recommended Plato. She secured an edition and studied it assiduously for several weeks. Then in a condition approaching nervous collapse she came to me. It was not Plato in general that had brought on the collapse. She had merely come across certain of his remarks concern-

ing war. She was horror-stricken, disillusioned in Plato. Plato was a fallen idol because he had not promised an early end to war. She explained that according to her way of thinking, of all men, Plato should have been the leader in pacifist idealism. He should have sounded the keynote of world peace. Instead of that, he accepted war as an inevitable disaster, and for that viewpoint this lady was through with Plato for life. She decided that Plato was all wrong and assured me that she was going out immediately to do everything that she could to prevent another war.

Probably I should have been silent under such enthusiasm, but I could not refrain from asking her just what she intended to do. She stopped short in her tracks. "Well," she said, "I guess there is nothing I can do, really, but still I do not approve of it." And that, more or less, is the difficulty.

It is very much like the story that is told about the late Calvin Coolidge, who is reported to have been a man of few words. On coming home from church one Sunday he was asked by his wife, "Well, Calvin, was it a good sermon?" He said, "Yes."

"What did the minister talk about?" continued Mrs. Coolidge, seeking a little more detail.

"Sin," said Calvin.

"Sin? Well, what did he say about it?"

"He was against it!"

We are against sin and poverty and war and crime, but in spite of the fact that we are against it, it remains, and while the individual must always build his philosophy of life upon great ideals, for ideals are the saving things of our living, yet we must also be realists. We must recognize values and facts and we must build our philosophy of life, not upon hope alone but upon some solid ground of values. It is not enough to wish that things could be different. It is important for us to understand why they are as they are, and that is difficult for us, especially in the presence of disasters. We seek to escape into the future. We wish to look forward to the time when these things will end, and

we look forward so devoutly that we neglect to examine the great lesson that confronts us now, and for this oversight we fail in our ultimate purpose.

Plato knew, as every solid thinking person must know, that while war is without question the greatest tragedy in which man can involve himself, war must continue and will continue until man himself changes his basic attitudes toward living. These cannot be changed by legislation alone, nor by peace conferences, nor by treaties and pacts. They must result from inner experience. Man must discover peace before he can end war.

The laws of nature teach that the most adequate opportunity to discover a value is to be confronted dramatically by the lack of it, and war is a periodic outbreak, an evidence of something basically lacking. It is not enough to attribute wars to the ambitions of individuals or to the policies of nations. We must go far deeper than this. Wars are an indication of a basic conflict which exists not only in man but throughout nature about him. Man is the only creature capable of willingly, knowingly and intentionally committing the crime of war, but this does not mean that there is no strife except that which man engenders.

There is strife everywhere. There is struggle everywhere. But it is only that form of strife which man has made scientific by his intellectual equipment which we denominate war. If you had the necessary microscopic equipment you could see a war in a glass of water, you could see it in the struggle of seeds in the earth, you could see it in every phase of growth throughout nature. Growth is a constant struggle, a constant forcing of values against inevitable, unceasing opposition. There is war in the animal kingdom, among the birds, insects, fishes. There is even chemical warfare within the elements themselves.

Everywhere there is strife. Therefore, we must search for the source of strife, not alone in man but in the pattern of his world. But just so surely as man is the only creature capable of integrating strife into a political policy, so man

is the only creature containing the potentials within himself capable of ending the war of his kind. He alone possesses the faculties to create that which he desires or needs. He has the power within himself to be at peace, but as yet is too greatly dominated by environment and the pressure of circumstance to exert the full measure of his internal integrity. In fact, he has not yet strengthened that internal integrity to the degree that he can sustain it consistently over long periods of time. He himself is in the making and nothing that he himself makes can be complete. It is only perfection that can breed perfection, and man has not yet come to that stage of his own development in which he can do all things well.

But it does seem sometimes as though he does them a little worse than is actually necessary in the terms of what he has accomplished in his evolutionary progress. We are facing a postwar world. We cannot hope to face it intelligently unless we have learned the lesson of this war, and the greatest investment that we can make toward future peace is to understand this conflict, orient it in the larger scheme of things and orient ourselves in relationship to this disaster which we precipitated upon our kind.

It is now possible for us to think in terms of an imminent world peace, a great goal toward which we can work but which we cannot attain by wishful thinking or by merely attempting to bind up the present wounds of strife. It is not the end when we sign a treaty. There is much more, and unless we have these larger philosophical implications deeply within our consciousness, we cannot really work toward the peace we long for. It is a case of thinking things through maturely with the best intelligence that we can concentrate upon the values involved.

Why, then, must we have war? Why is it the common necessity of humankind, civilized and savage? And why is it that we can become civilized and then be most savage?

A few years ago it would have been beyond our conception that human na-

ture could have descended into the abysmal depths of cruelty and degeneration which we now are forced to accept as factual. By what circumstances has man suddenly forgotten so much of the struggle toward beauty, fineness, integrity? Why is it that although he has been exposed so long to the culturing influence of art and music and literature and philosophy, yet in an instant he can reject them all and become the servant of the most destructive impulses of his internal subconscious self? How can this thing be?

One fact is rather obvious and that is that this culture, this superficial civilization, the value of which we overestimated, is not as real as we thought it was. It has not solved the problem. It is a veneer over bad timber. It is a high polish, artificially given to a material not strong enough to hold the polish. It is a surfacing of elegance concealing internal savagery. We may as well face it. If it were not that way, these things could not happen.

What is wrong then, with civilization? Why do the values that we desire so greatly to maintain have so small a hold upon us? It seems to me that the answer is a simple one in principle, if not in application. We have built a civilization without emphasizing the very essence of the principle of civilization, and that is internal enlightenment.

We have built our civilization outwardly. We have trained the mind, we have skilled the hand, but we have never yet built an internal consciousness within so-called civilized states. We have exposed the individual to culture and assumed that it took, and because that individual, in turn, can answer certain reasonable questions, because in moments entirely devoid of stress he exhibits certain tendencies of humanity, we assume that he is a human being. We realize that in a way his faults make him seem more human, and also, that familiarity with him and his tactics has numbed our reflexes to certain of his weaknesses, but the difficulty with our civilization has been that the emphasis was wrong.

The emphasis was upon the unfolding of externals—that the man should

be rich, that the man should be powerful, respected by others, that he should stand forth to the public acclaim, that he should succeed, that he should develop certain manners, that he should know in which hand to hold the fork—these are the values that we gradually associated with the concept of civilization. But civilization is not to be measured in utilities, railroads, radios, motion pictures, great ocean liners, skyscrapers and bridges. Civilization is not to be measured in the advancement of the intellectual sciences alone, nor is it to be measured in the terms of the advancement of the esthetic arts alone.

Civilization is achieved only by the advancement of consciousness, the internal level of human understanding. No individual is better than he is when he is not trying to be good. He is never more civilized, really, than when he is not trying to be civilized. Civilization is not an eye service to laws which we are afraid to break. Civilization is not obedience to statutes because we do not wish the penalty of disobedience nor the social shame of disobedience.

Civilization is, in fact, as Cicero has pointed out, humanity's coming of age as a spiritual generation of life. Cicero says there is only one definition of civilization: "Civilization is the possibility of human beings living together in a commonwealth of purpose, cooperating in all things necessary, and each man placing the good of the others above his own."

That is civilization, and, on the simple definition of Cicero, what do we have? Out of a world dedicated to self-aggrandizement we expect to build enduring peace! Plato knew we could not do it 2300 years ago and we know today that we cannot do it except by the process of learning that each man should put the good of the rest above his own.

A very short time ago there was heard in one of our public conveyances in the City of New York, one man saying to another: "If this war lasts for two more years, I will net a million dollars." Now, that man is not particularly vicious. He is just selfishly ignorant. Yet he has

been exposed to practically everything that civilization can offer him in the form of culturing influence, and he is certainly not civilized.

We have placed the emphasis in the wrong place, and as the result of wrong emphasis we have not reached the very core of our difficulties, and the monuments to our lack of civilization endure—war, crime, poverty and sickness. While those remain uncorrected, nothing that we can say can be made to prove that we are civilized. We are now in the condition of reasonably well educated savages, and we only need to realize what has been happening very recently on two sides of the world to realize that civilization as we knew it failed because it was not civilization at all. *It was merely educated barbarism.*

The difference between education and understanding must be clarified for us. We must learn in some way through the conspiracy of nature to recognize values, to know them when we see them, respect them, sustain them and give everything that we have and are for them. It is only then that the great good things we look for can come to pass among us.

So the great lesson of our last war is to get an estimation of ourselves, to find out the weakness in our fabric that makes these things possible, and instead of wringing our hands and crying out to heaven about our misfortunes, to realize that it is wiser for us to examine into our own natures and seek out the causes and set to work, each in his own small way, greater or lesser, according to his sphere of influence, to set right those causes, for it is only when causation is right that an effect that we desire will come. Cause and effect, not wishful thinking, rules the world. And the presence of the effect is the undeniable evidence of the nature of the cause.

War comes to us, as it comes to every other type of life in nature which is subject to strife, for one inevitable purpose, to reveal our own inadequacy. It confronts us with the greatest challenge that the human being can face. War is not really the only emergency that we

have, but it is the greatest massing of emergencies. Each individual who was engaged in this conflict would normally, in the course of his life, come up against certain emergencies which he would have to face, but these emergencies would be scattered about over the entire width and breadth of the world, and the little emergencies happening to men and women in Asia, or Africa, the South Seas, Europe—these little emergencies would not mean much to us. We do not realize that every time our watch ticks someone in this world dies, even in time of peace, and every time it ticks someone in this world gives birth to another life. All about us, constantly, is the great drama of living, the divine comedy, this thing that seems so frightfully important and, in the last analysis, is so comparatively unimportant, all depending on our viewpoint; something so sublime that not even the greatest poet can sing its mystery, something so infinitely simple that the most primitive savage can feel it within himself; the mystery of life, the mystery of endless change, every instant a new sorrow, every instant a new joy; in each moment something coming to us and something departing, those whom we love fading away, those whom we do not know coming into their places in our lives and hearts; to meet and part, to experience, to share something, to feel for a moment a kinship with some other life in space, and then, like ships that pass in the night, to go our way.

Every moment there are cries lifted up to heaven from hearts that ache with pain. Every moment those anguished cries are covered by the laughter of others. Light and darkness, shadow and substance all about us. In every life there are moments that need strength and in every life there are moments when that strength does not seem to be enough. But it is all scattered about here and there, and each of us goes his own way, perturbed a little by that part we see and unthinking of the rest. What does it mean to us that four million Chinese die of famine in a single year? Ten million people died of famine in 1944. These things do not

mean much to us. It is not our fault. It is all too big for us. We cannot hope to grasp it. We can feel no pain except our own. We can never really get very close to anything except ourselves, and we are afraid of that.

We simply have not within our consciousness that divine grasp, that immense scope that can gather in all the pain and sorrow of the world and know it. It is better so. We could not endure it. We would be left hopeless, there would be no emotion left within us, we would be exhausted of every reflex.

And yet, around us in those years that we call peace, is this great war, two and a half billion human beings fighting crime, poverty, sickness, fighting to survive, to hold on to whatever their small faith may be, praying to gods they do not understand, pinning their faith upon other mortals who fail them, fighting against the encroachments of circumstances and condition, struggling like little seeds in the earth to release their beauty, dying of starvation in attics, falling at their machines, struggling on, hoping, dreaming, pinning their faith on some paradise to come—always struggle, always pain, always doubt.

Yet if we meditate upon this we must either find a reason in it, we must find somewhere beneath that uncertainty a great calmness, a great beauty, a great wisdom, a great love, a great understanding, or we cannot go on, and so we say war is merely an intensification of emergencies, not the creation of them. It is merely that suddenly we become aware of a vast heaping up of human misfortune and it comes home to us with such terrific, deadly force, and points such an accusing finger at our way of life, that we are horror stricken and have a little sense of guilt within ourselves which we do not feel when Russian peasants starve or Chinese coolies are stricken with the cholera. The malnutrition of the world means little to us under normal conditions, but suddenly it is forced home, it comes close to us, it attacks those we know, those we love. We do not exactly know how to face it, but it is only an intensi-

fying of something we must all face, we have all faced. It is merely revealing that which has always been there, that supreme need of humanity, an inner strength against outer circumstance. And as we study it all and think about it and meditate upon it, whether it is the struggle of little plants to grow through the hard soil, or whether it is the struggle of life in a raindrop, we suddenly realize that nature in its eternal benevolence gives us struggle to make us strong, gives us the privilege of revealing out of ourselves the strength that is there, and furthermore, demanding our resourcefulness, demanding our courage and giving us sublime moments in which we can be greater than ourselves for something that is greater than ourselves.

It is this way that we learn; it is the hard way that humanity has been addicted to difficult paths since the beginning.

We marvel sometimes at the young men of our country going from their schools and their business houses, young men brought up in comparative ease, (for even the poor among us live better than the princes of most other lands,) taken from lives of superficial living and thinking, taken from careers planned for them by their elders, taken from smug little crossroads where they would have lived provincial lives to the end, taken out of public schools that taught them, oh so little, and destroyed so much of their dream, from the counting houses and the factories, smart young salesmen and hundreds of thousands who were trained for nothing in particular, throw all this youth together because of something that they did not understand, and behold a miracle! Out of those whom we have so greatly criticized because of their intemperances and for whom we predicted an unschooled, ungoverned, reckless age, there is emerging some of the most splendid humanity the world has ever known, with strength, courage, devotion, integrity, in places where we never thought to find it.

True, that is not the only story. Many, many millions broke and revealed the weakness of the world that had

engendered them, but still there has been a great strength and all in all, an amazing sacrifice, an amazing patience, a willingness to endure, a courage to face death, a courage to meet the problem of the hour. That is the thing that this war has done. It took a great price for doing it, but something in nature demanded it for the very obvious reason that our world is moving forward.

Evolution is inevitable. Growth is the order of things. We must go forward. Nothing in nature can stand still. Either we grow or we disintegrate. Either we move and march triumphantly toward the future or else we vanish in the limbo of the past. We are building a new world. Evolution demands it. The faculties of human life for their development require it. The human soul needs it, and that which is necessary must come to pass.

Yet, who shall carry this new world? Can we march forward triumphantly to it in a procession of small individual purposes? Can we march forward to a victorious future with a bank book in our hand and in our heart our great worry, concerned solely with our creature comforts and our material purposes? Can we go forward selfishly and in a small way to the greatness that awaits us? Can we carry the burden of a better world?

We cannot carry the burden unless we make that world ourselves. There could be nothing more miserable in nature than an unjust man in a just world. The joys we look forward to would be meaningless to us unless we ourselves shared the principles and dreams that come with them. The brotherhood of man would come as a curse upon those who believe in a competitive way of life, would blight their every purpose and make them more miserable in perdition.

We must go forward with a strength and a vision; we must build toward this thing. We might move forward happily, gloriously, cheerfully, singing hymns of praise, but we are not that kind of creature. We go forward pushed on by fatal necessity, prodded constantly, forced against our very inclinations to

grow in order to survive. That is nature's way. We must improve in order to survive. We must never for a moment relax the motion toward truth. We must never for a moment allow ourselves to wander in the byway of our own conceit. If we would bring about the world we dream of, we must move relentlessly and endlessly forward, growing within ourselves every moment, perfecting something more of ourselves.

We are on the verge of the first great world civilization, and by and large, we are unready for it. We have not yet broken down those artificial barriers of intolerance, racial prejudice, religious prejudice, which must go before we can have a world. We cannot have a great unified civilization with every man jealous of his neighbor. We cannot have a great world civilization if we sit back waiting to exploit. We cannot have these great, better things while our own minds are filled with lesser things. Something has to shake us loose, jar us out of the roots, free us from the bondage to the smallness in ourselves.

There seems to be no other way. The gods have sent their prophets and we have crucified them. They have sent their philosophers and we have ignored them. They have sent their great legislators and we have disobeyed them. They have sent their great musicians and artists and painters and we have permitted them to starve in garrets. We have never been willing to accept the beauty of the law. We accept only its discipline. Never have we joyously accepted the leadership that might have led us into this promised land. We have rejected and stoned those who could have shown us the way. We have forgotten them or we have honored their memories and forgotten their words. We have built shrines to their persons and ignored their doctrines. We have spoken their words and ignored the very words we spoke, within the heart of ourselves.

Nature has tried the gentle way. Man has not been willing to accept it because it interfered with that strong current of personal ambition which has dominated us since the dawn of time. Having

failed in gentle ministration, nature turns to severity and issues those inevitable edicts which bring about its necessary ends, and so we face these problems.

We must face them with one definite realization which cannot be achieved by laws but can come only through the understanding that civilization is an internal mystery within the human being. That which we would like to think of as civilization of the future is merely the external shadow, cast upon matter, of certain powerful internal convictions within the human being. Civilizations are built from within outwardly. They are not built from the outside and then forced in upon the individual. Man is not truly the product of his civilization. The civilization is the product of man himself.

We have long been waiting for others to reform us, daring them to reform us. That is not the answer. The great mystery of life is an internal mystery that comes in the night to an individual. It comes to those who have experienced and who also have meditated upon experience.

"Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent the midnight hour
Weeping, waiting for the morrow,
Knows not yet the heavens' power."

There is no other way, and until man has enough strength within to take to himself directly the ministry of beauty, he cannot be its servant. We can learn without war, but only when our hearts are open to learning. We can learn without war, but only when our hands await the works of our hearts. We can learn without war, but only when we desire learning above all other things and have set up a standard of learning in ourselves by which we give first place to those things which are divine.

These great, good days can come, but we must set up the tabernacle in the wilderness of our world. We must experience progress in our own consciousness. We must stop wondering and wishing and hoping and fearing and begin by being still and knowing the working of the law.

We must begin by finding within our own hearts and souls the secret of peace. That is where it begins. It begins in that power which we gradually gain within ourselves, to meet the day with peace, to be unmindful of the hardships of nobility, to be content to be without the plaudits and acclaim of the world, exchanging all external security for internal security. Until then we have no civilization, for civilization is made up of human beings who understand and because they understand they work together, and that has been the failure of the two great institutions which should have brought this to us with irresistible conviction, education and the church. That is where we should have looked and found.

Education should have no hesitation in teaching the individual that his own internal consciousness is the most important thing in the world and that it is the improvement of that consciousness and not merely the trappings of schooling that creates an educated person. We should have been working, from the beginning, by the very meaning of the word, *educio*, "to draw forth." We have interpreted it "to cram in," and we have loaded the individual with secondary knowledge and left him starving for primary fact. That is why we have war.

Another reason why we have war is because we have not yet penetrated, not the paganism of the past (because the pagans were in most respects an admirable lot), but the heathenism of all time. We have not realized or dared to assert the true nature of religion. We have been satisfied with creeds, sects and "isms" and we have permitted the streams of our faith to cross and recross in innumerable schisms. We have had holy wars and inquisitions, and we looked askance upon those whose belief was different from ours, regarding them as some strange, misbelieving lot. Yet, we would build one world consciousness!

How can we build anything that will endure in universals while we are utterly addicted to particulars? How can we release ourselves from the smallness that we are unless we gain some vision of

the greatness that we can be by virtue of placing consciousness first in the conduct of our affairs?

There are two kinds of people in the world today, those who have been deeply involved in a great war, participants in it, involved in the actual physical, moral, emotional, mental and spiritual hazards of this conflict, and those who have not.

The first is made up of a group who have had a peculiar and particular experience and the second group is composed of those who, by virtue of their own positions and places, could not have this experience but could share in it only vicariously, through the press, the radio or through contact with those who have had the experience.

Experience is the reason for our living. If at any time men believed that it was the idea of the gods to make happiness the primary purpose of evolution, they were very, very wrong. Happiness is only a by-product. Happiness is that emotional satisfaction that comes to the individual who does his job well, whatever that job may be. The job, however, is the important thing. We are here to learn. We are here to learn how to live. We are here to learn how to live because we have lived here badly before, and we will live here again and again until we learn how to live better. The mere passage of our consciousness through the physical span is not enough to insure our progress. During that span we must experience, we must grow, we must expand and unfold the integrity which is locked within our very natures. We must release the good within us.

So we are here for experience; we are here to learn how to live, if necessary by dying. Up to the present time, we have always learned that way. Perhaps in the future it will be different. But experience is the purpose. He who has rich experience has the better life, regardless of comfort or discomfort. He who has felt the most, known the most, had the deepest contact with realities, has had the widest experience and has taken these various values and made the most of them in terms of spiritual values, he is the individual who has had

a successful life. In terms of that type of success, in terms of the experience success of man, a few years of war are producing a terrific change in the lives of from ten to twelve million of us.

Every one has received some experience, and we may reasonably expect that five years of war will produce an effect in the life of the individual equivalent to from twenty-five to fifty years of peace, possibly more. There are some human beings who through the war years made progress in terms of lives, not in terms of years.

Now, that does not necessarily mean that all of those who have gone away are going to return great souls. It does not mean that if they had stayed at home and gone about their ordinary tasks that at the end of fifty or sixty years of life they would have been great souls. It is perfectly possible to immunize yourself so completely against experience that you can live an entire lifetime without any appreciable spiritual growth because you reject growth, you reject experience, and are satisfied to continue to blame the world for the misfortunes which are your very own.

It is true that some have come back bitter. They would have been bitter if they had stayed at home. Some of them have come back much as they left. Those same ones would have been much the same had they stayed at home. The reactions are intensified but the qualities are not necessarily changed.

There are others, however, who are returning with greater understanding of values than any generation we have ever produced in this world, those who have

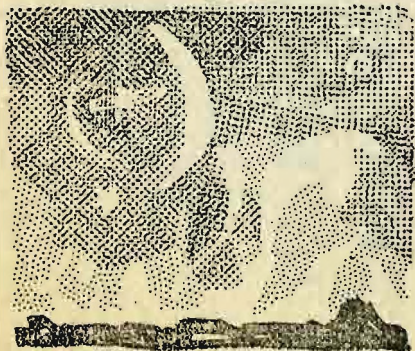
taken this experience to themselves and have grown mightily in a short time. Some of them are coming back with great pain in their hearts and pain in their bodies. Some of them are coming back bitterly disillusioned.

Others, having passed through the same experience, are returning with heroic souls. It is not the experience; it is the power that we bring to it that determines consequences.

But this we may be reasonably sure of; when these irresistible forces that are flowing back from war meet the immovable complex of our static civilization, there is going to be an impact that will be heard throughout the ages. This impact we must prepare for because here at home we are on the receiving end. We must be prepared to meet the intensification of consciousness. We are going to be forced to face at one moment in time that which would normally come to us throughout seventy or seventy-five years of living, and toward which we would develop a gradual immunity. We are going to face a changing consciousness of the world way of things.

Not only must we face this to preserve our own security; we must face it in order to prevent the most terrible of all conflicts, the conflict of ideals. We must face it in order to prevent something more bitter than a war, and we must face it in order to prevent the greatest catastrophe in the world, and that is the failure to catch the ball when it is thrown to us. We cannot afford to fail and we are not succeeding very well. We cannot afford to fail the dawning hope of those who are beginning to think. We cannot afford to be a blighting frost upon those slender green twigs that are growing out of human consciousness.

It is no time to think about ourselves or what we want, what we would like. It is our supreme opportunity to be unselfish for a while, and that very fact that we no longer think about ourselves is one of the greatest evidences of our own security. The individual who is always thinking about himself will never get far. The great work of the world



is done by those who forget themselves for something greater. We cannot afford to fail the impact that must come.

We might build something against it if we could integrate and organize a great army of persons, a vast welcoming committee to line our shores a thousand deep and stand ready by legislation to receive those who return, but that is not the way it is going to be. It is not going to be one terrific single impact in which millions strike against millions as in the clash of battle. The impact is going to be there with all of its great spiritual imponderables, but the symbol of that impact is going to be a tired young man coming home, hoping, praying that those at home will understand him. It is going to be twelve or fourteen million little impacts with their innumerable disillusionments, faithlessness, selfishness, that is going to send up the cry from the hearts of these young men: What have we fought for? What have we tried to save? What does it mean? What is it worth? Why should we give our lives to return to a smug little world that is keeping right on being smug?

That is the great tragedy of that impact. It is the great tragedy of the individual coming home, seeing something deeper and bigger and finding a world that does not know what it is all about.

How can we face that issue? We cannot all go through his experience. We can try to understand him, but it is going to be difficult at best. I have talked to a lot of these men who have come back and their story is always the same—they do not know what to do. Some of them will not go home immediately. They feel that they must adjust themselves a little to this world again, before they can go back to shake hands with their relatives and be patted on the back and told how wonderful they are. That is not what they want. They are afraid to go home, not because there is anyone at home who does not love them, but because there is no one at home who is going to understand them.

Let me tell you what one boy, who had been in the Solomons told me. Remember, he is only in his early twen-

ties. This is the problem: He came out of college to go to war. He had carried no responsibilities before. His idea of a big time was to borrow the family car and go out and spend \$10 at a roadhouse and jitterbug to a jukebox. "But," as he said, "that was two years ago—and it seems to me like it was two thousand years ago.

"I could not do that again. It does not mean anything to me now. I have seen men die. I have seen men die great deaths. I have stood in the presence of death. I have been alone, out in the jungle, mud, dirt, filth, and what did I think of? I would look up in the jungle and there was a bright red flower growing on a vine. All I could see was that flower. It is the only thing I remember.

"But," he said, "I have spent hours, weeks, alone with death. I cannot go back to jukeboxes. I cannot go back to that kind of world, because I have seen big worlds. I have seen a whole lifetime pass between two human beings looking into each other's eyes and just simply smiling. I have seen all that human life can bring in simply the clasp of a hand. I have seen men get letters from home and then go out behind the tent and shoot themselves."

He said, "I cannot go back to my world because I am not that any more. Twenty-two years old, I am a tired old man.

"But," he said, "I also feel something in myself that I never knew was there. I think I know values. I think I know what human beings are, and for that reason I am not going home.

"Oh, I am going home sometime, but I am just going to stand on a street corner and look at human beings for a while, human beings who are not carrying guns. I just want to see what human beings look like. I want to look in store windows. I want to try to see if I can get back enough of my old life so that I can meet the world I left behind.

"I am afraid to go home. Everyone wants me to come home, but I am afraid, because I know when I get there I am not going to see in those eyes

what I have seen in the eyes of my buddies, that something born of pain and understanding that makes each man every other man's brother, makes a perfect stranger willing to die for you, that makes you, when you are in pain, tell the doctor to forget you and go and take care of someone else who is worse.

"Those are values that are not in the home; they do not know what they mean. The family is going to come home and talk about business and crops and is going to be worried for fear that grain will go down before they can get it harvested. They are going to worry about innumerable little things, and what somebody else is wearing and what somebody said about someone else.

"I am afraid to go back to it because if I hear that and see that, I may go mad. I cannot stand seeing a great world close into nothing again, and great values vanish in a mass of little, petty, personal concerns."

There is a boy twenty-two years old. That is the impact. That is a problem that is going to be very hard for us to understand. Yet, so many of those boys coming back have opened doors of consciousness. They do not know exactly what they have opened. They cannot go to some good school here, to have that door kept open. There is no great university for them to go to, that says, "Here, bring these new values and let us help you unfold them."

No! If they go back to school, the first thing that education will try to do is slam that door closed in their faces again, because it will not understand. It will not mean to do wrong, but there will be a distance, a great fourth dimensional distance between those two worlds. That is the thing that we must work for.

Another boy said to me:

"You know, we do not expect the folks back home to ever know what we really went through. They cannot, because it is not possible to know something that you have never experienced and that is different from everything you have ever been.

"We do not expect them to know, but we would like one thing; we would

like those people back home to be trying not necessarily to understand, but just trying to preserve the things for which we went through this. If they can not understand us, that is all right. We will get used to that. But we want to see them as sincere in doing whatever they are doing as we have been.

"We have fought for freedom. We have fought for decency of living, and we want those others to carry on in peace the things that we fought for in war, and we have a right to expect it. We have a right to expect those who stay behind to be just in their weights and measures, to be kind, to be generous, to be understanding to the best of their ability, to be unselfish and to put the common good we fought for above their own personal selfish necessities. And, as one of the fellows said, 'If they don't, we are going to do something about it!'"

That is the impact!

Now, we cannot say that a state of affairs that produces that is altogether wrong. War is a very horrible medicine, it is a very bitter, bitter drug, but if it can clarify some of these values and give us a foundation upon which to build, it has meant a greater well-being, a greater happiness, a greater security for all history yet to come.

Those men faced the enemy with a good hope. Most of them didn't even hate the enemy. They felt they had a job to do that cost many of them their lives, but they were willing to face not only that, but the privations, suffering, misery, everything that they were unaccustomed to. They were willing to face these things because it was a job to do. But they expect us, back home, to face certain things, because it is also a job to do, a little less glamorous, infinitely less painful, but equally as necessary, and one thing they expect us to do is to prevent and protect them from being sold out by politicians.

Now, there are many little things that we could be doing along the way to build a philosophy for these men. One thing—we must get a bigger look at things ourselves. We could all be just a little bigger if we tried hard. We could all expand in a certain direc-

tion, a certain amount. We could be a little more generous in our estimation of things, less critical, a little more tolerant, a little less tradition-bound, a little less sectarian in our way of life, a little less materialistic in our weights and measures, a little less dogmatic in our opinions. We could at least begin to build a capacity to grasp some of these things.

We could build a kind of stillness in ourselves so that when this tremendous impact comes, because we are very quiet ourselves, and without opinions and without inexperienced and artificial notions, we could accept this impact a little more humbly in ourselves, a little more generously, a little more kindly. We could try harder to understand and less to misunderstand. We would not be intolerant because things are not our way. We can do all kinds of small things to help ourselves to understand, to face this better kind of thinking that can come, not only to those who are already beginning to dream it in trenches and foxholes, but to those who will feel more strange stirrings in themselves when they do get home and try to orient their lives against this background of disaster and confusion.

We can at least help to meet these returning men with some bit of philosophy of life within ourselves, to help them put their own world in order, something of vision to show them why it is all-important, and how it was necessary, and what it means and how upon it we can build a great future. There is a challenge going out to every institution that makes up American life. There is a challenge going out to every department of our living and thinking, the challenge to help, to serve, to understand, to direct and to make sure that this tremendous monument is not lost, that it can really lead forward to a kind of consciousness that may blossom into a state of civilization.

This consciousness, born in the travail of war, this consciousness growing up in horror and misfortune, nursed by disillusion, victimized on every hand, this consciousness must be protected because it is the hope of a world to come. It

is the great lesson of this war, and if that is lost, then we must do it all again, and we must be able to recognize it.

Elbert Hubbard said on one occasion, "Next to being great is the skill to know greatness. Next to experience is the ability to recognize the experience in another and to preserve it and cherish it." If we cannot achieve all things in ourselves, we can sustain and support that which has achieved more, we can direct it and where we see bitterness and disillusionment, we can try to build a better and deeper understanding.

This is a great opportunity. The next ten years are the greatest opportunity years in Western civilization, the opportunity to bring about a great renovation, a reformation, a renaissance in our cultural life. We have a great young harvest of dreams, hopes and even some fears and a lot of wonder. Like a child looking out for the first time upon the mystery of the universe, these young men are being born again into a great wonder, into a strange chaos they must try to put in order. They have fought through the physical limitations which were brought to them. They have fought through the demoralization of emotional and mental chaos. They must recover their own normalcy. They must do more—they must keep that strange spiritual spark that they have found and which most of them sum up in the simple statement: "We worked together. We were a team. Each man was the shieldguard of his brother."

Ten men in a fragile machine, 25,000 feet up in the air, flying through the night, death on every side, and each one of those men has a job. The safety of all depends upon each and not one will fail the others while the breath of life is in him. They are his pals. They are with him and he knows it. He is for them to the end, and there has been an experience of comradeship, and that comradeship is better than competition. There is more fun in life working together. There is more meaning to things when you stand back to back. There is something glorious in catching the ball and never failing your friend. It does not become important any more

what the friend is doing; you just don't fail him, and you know that when you call on him and he does not answer, he is dead.

That something is an experience that American youth has never had before except to a minor degree in athletics, but men have now found it, grown men, not in basketball or in baseball or college football which is intended primarily to raise the mortgage on the alma mater. It is not that. It is just simply that there was a joyous, cosmic exhilaration, a tremendous sense of something deeply spiritual when you turned around in that foxhole and there was a man in there you had never seen before, but that man was your brother instantly, without question. You did not care what color he was or what race he belonged to or what his denomination or belief, or what his college was. Maybe he never had any belief, but right then and there what you had was his and what he had was yours and from that instant on your primary concern was him, and his primary concern was you; you never met before and you may never meet again. If anything happened to you, he would try to carry you through the enemy's lines and might die himself trying to drag you through. He did not know who you were; he did not care. You were a human being and the two of you were alone in the night.

They want to come home and bring that. They want to bring that feeling that people are working together, that this nation is a great democracy of people and that no matter where you throw the ball someone is going to catch it. There is no question of who is going to get the most for himself. The question is, who can do the most for the rest?

These boys want to have faith in their leaders. They want to know that a strong leader is standing side by side with them, a good officer. They want to know that that officer has them in his heart above himself and that like any good officer he will die to protect his men, and they will die to protect him. They do not know who he is, but he is authority and he proves it by pro-

tecting them, by doing everything that is possible to insure that they get through, and they will do the same for him.

It is a great teamwork, a teamwork on which these men hope to build the great world civilization of tomorrow. When a nation tosses the ball, the other nation will catch it. There will be no problem of tariffs, there will be no problem of treaties, there will be no problem of advantage or gain or who is going to control raw materials. The question is: What is the human need?

Let's do it! That is the thing that means something to these boys, and to most of them this thing has come as a spiritual experience, as an enlightenment, as an illumination. There are always more boys studying religion in war than there are in peace. To these boys, God has suddenly become something dramatically and terrifically important, a true and ever present help in time of trouble. Faith and values come through, and those values manifest themselves as one tremendous religious conviction, a great spiritual ideal, and that is that we are pals, that we are working together, that we are working for something that is bigger than any of us, and that the only thing in the world that is utterly disreputable is a false friend, one who is not there when the need arises, and there is nothing that is more completely disreputable than for human beings to exploit each other. That thought became awfully well set in their minds.

They saw the world as nothing but a large foxhole. The nations are men under constant fire from space and time and history and eternity fighting to create out of human nature a divine nature, and out of a mortal human world an immortal divine world. Those who see and understand that and who dream that way are the army of light. They are fighting a war that is greater than the war fought on battlefields. They are fighting the stasis of human nature; they are fighting the organized selfishness of majorities. They are fighting the "it has always been this way and it always will be this way" psychology of

the race. They are fighting for the thing we talk about. They are fighting for a great world understanding. They are fighting for that time when a man can reach out his hand to another and those two men will look into each other's eyes and know that they can never hurt each other, that what they say is their bond, that under no condition will they fail and still live.

They want to see something of that, not great heroics, because in war it is always the boasting hero who breaks and runs, but a quiet, certain, simple look that tells all. These boys are watching for that look in the eyes of those who are at home. They are looking for it in the eyes that gaze down from the heights of industry. They are looking for it in the eyes that come from the high places of policy. They are looking for it in the eyes of their priests and ministers and rabbis. They are watching for that look that says, "Buddy, I know and I am with you."

That is all they want. They do not expect a tremendous, overwhelming, magnificent understanding. They just want that look, "Buddy, I am with you. We are going to make it work. We are going to forget everything but the job and make it work. We are going to make a world that is worth living in. We are going to make it from our inner convictions not because we make laws for it, but simply because we reach out and take another man's hand and we know we understand."

It is not going to be done with standing armies; or with great conclaves. It is going to be done by men who have met and known other human beings who have been out of their own little provincial area of life for the first time, who have seen that there is another side to the world, other nations, races, peoples, with hopes, dreams and aspirations.

They know. They have fought side by side with the Chinese and they have seen that look in the eyes of Chinese. Wherever that look is there is brotherhood, a brotherhood of soul power. They have seen it in the Indian troops. They have seen it in all the races and

nations at war. They have seen it in the guerillas—these troops of irregular military fighters that have fought the underground wars of Europe. They have seen it in every nation, race, blood-stream and kind, and whenever they see it they come a little nearer to that one united world, for they know that that look is part of understanding life, that wherever it is there is a brother, wherever it is there is one who can build side by side and make this thing the world we want it to be.

With this tremendous momentum, those who are here waiting should rise to meet it, should recognize the importance of improving themselves in every possible way internally, gain that understanding, gain that wisdom, not all-knowing, but just all-willing to know, meet this problem with a deep, rich realization, meet it with full recognition that it was nature's only way of teaching us the brotherhood of man. It is the only way we have of knowing how necessary it is that we catch the ball. It is the only way in which an all-wise and eternal Providence can build that better world of tomorrow.

We must meet this. We must meet these men. We must not destroy them. We must not tear this very fragile understanding from them and try to force them back into the small smug ruts that we have lived in so long. Instead of forcing them back, let us rise up and come forth to meet them with an integrity and a vision and a purpose worthy of this great moment. We have all known that the battle of the peace was going to be more difficult than the war. We have all known that much of human history for the next hundred years depends on what we do in these first years of peace.

It means so very much. It means the difference between the success and failure of our whole theory of civilized existence. We must enrich it; we must enrich our world. Our educators must come forward, our religious leaders must come forward, and rededicate themselves and unite to make this great world hope a little nearer a reality.

It can be done if we will meet it. It can be done if we will sacrifice something for it, but when the time comes, it should not really be a sacrifice at all. It should be a joy. It should be a joy to share in an understanding and to preserve that understanding against the great enemies of inertia and forgetfulness that are forever closing in about our dreams and preventing their fulfillment.

We need only one real philosophy of life with which to face this future. That is the solid, well grounded realization that everything we dream and hope for depends upon nursing and developing and releasing this spark of internal consciousness of good which is within us, and to build upon our own inner life our outer world. Let us never again close the doors of the spirit upon those who have learned so much. Let us not try to destroy the new hope that is in the hearts of these men. Let us build so that more of them will have it. Let us dream of the time when they will all realize that out of their sacrifice has truly come a world that they are proud of.

It is just a great big problem of the folks back home catching the ball. If we do it, we will be proud in the better way. We will be glad and we will have a greater world than we have ever known.

If we fail, we are going to bring down upon us one of the greatest catastrophes in history, the great catastrophe of the internal revolution of millions of individuals who have made a great sacrifice and have seen it go to naught.

We have this very important job to do and we should be consecrated in every aspect of our living to the achievement of it, so that the men coming home will see in our eyes that look that tells them that we, too, know. If they see that, the youth of the world—a tired, war-torn youth, but still full of dreams—with the wisdom and counsel of older years to guide them, will build forward to this dream we hope for.

It is something we *must* do. Let us not fail to catch the ball.

(A PUBLIC LECTURE BY MANLY PALMER HALL.)

Suggested reading: REINCARNATION: THE CYCLE OF NECESSITY;
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